

THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY,

FOR

The Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. VIII.—JULY, 1859.—NO. I.

ON WEEPING.

BY D. E. NEVIN.

TEARS, I think, might be called a scenic power, for by them the higher passions of our nature are admirably exhibited on the stage of life. This power, after a protracted contest with the genial forces of humanity, generally attains, in the end, a triumph of victory beside the tomb. The arts, by which some have labored to baffle its rightful sway within the congenial precincts of death, are treacherous both to religion and nature. I shall mention, in illustration, two or three instances of this kind which have occurred, among others, upon the historical walks of life. They afford, at any rate, a fine caricature of the old Socratic temper.

Suetonius informs us that Augustus Cæsar, when he was about to relinquish empire and life, grandly repressed all tears around him, and enlivened the melancholy scene by relating the proud satisfaction he felt at the changes he had effected in Rome. He left the world a metropolis of marble for one he had received of brick.*

A story is told of La Place, of a singular plan devised by Moncriff, an author of some little note among his

contemporaries, to meet the arrival of death amidst convivial scenes. When he found his end drawing near, he invited to his rooms all his select friends, ladies as well as gentlemen; games of various kinds were played, in which he gayly participated; after that a fine supper was served, where the sparkling wit of the host charmed the circle of his guests until a late hour. This unique entertainment was repeated during several evenings, before death finally removed the merry old sinner.

There are few, perhaps, who have not seen Lamartine's rose-colored sketch of the last night passed by the Girondist deputies in the Conciergerie. With what elevated sorrow is the Christian reader moved, as he surveys the pleasantries of that illustrious group of enthusiasts, at their midnight funereal supper, spread in the large dungeon! The illusions of youth, genius, and eloquence that played around that Epicurean prelude to death, the fine political prophecies of Brissot, and finer Platonic speculations upon immortality of Vergniaud, must fail to reconcile him to the mistaken merriment which frequently gilded the scene.

The mirth and indifference thus dis-

* Jure sit gloriatus marmoream se relinquere, quam lateritiam accepisset. SUT. VIT. AUG. C. 28.

played in the presence of death, almost invariably betray, to the close observer, but the sophistical arts of a proud mind to distinguish itself from the common herd of humanity, by disguising an unconquerable natural dread. The mask of Comus has, in some cases, gotten a little awry, when the true visage of the philosophical charlatan has partly appeared, and was found just like the faces of other people. The Christian's faith, it is true, often deprives death of its humiliation. Thousands there are, in every age, who have enjoyed that elevated frame of mind, with which the amiable Addison, on his death-bed, summoned young Warwick to his chamber, "to see how a Christian could die." But Christianity does not molest the appropriate reign of tears amidst death scenes: it rather consecrates their triumph, and sweetly paints them with the colors of hope.

Weeping, according to the true import of the term, is exclusively a human faculty. It is a little singular that those quaint old logicians, who so tortured ingenuity to settle some well-defined physiological points of difference between man and brute, should not have pitched triumphantly upon this function, and held it up as the first trophy of their labors. Instead of that, they paraded at length the faculty of speech, and, as the *Spectator* informs us, that of laughter, as the grand marks of distinction; both of them, in my fancy, less decided human peculiarities than weeping. It is true, as to the speculation ventured here, that some amiable creatures, not human, are reported to shed tears of grief and affection. For instance, the deer and gazelle, it is said, share with man this gentle prerogative. From an examination of the subject, however, I am strongly inclined to set down the common fame here, in respect to the pathos of their tears, as nothing more than a classic flower of fancy, borrowed originally from the story of Acteon, which has since been galvanized; from time to time, into

the image of truth by the warm imaginations of eastern maidens and of poets. I might feel called upon, in this connection, to notice the traditional weeping of "the sorrowing sea-bird," as also some other similar myths of the Orient, but for the fact that the admission of statements, found in romantic poetry, as of some authority in grave questions of this kind, would constitute an unpardonable solecism in natural history. Sudden changes of temperature will cause the silent tear to trickle down the dog's face; and I confess to have felt saddened, more than once, for an instant, by the force of association, at the sight of our loyal-hearted old family horse's eyes brimming with tears; no doubt produced by the same causes. No one surely, unless a sportsman whose passion for his dogs and hunting-horse has grown into a monomania, or an old maid whose cade lamb or lap-dog has stolen the treasures of her affections which Nature meant for children, would contend that the tears of domestic animals are ever secreted by the force of pathetic moral action within. The tears of the crocodile represent proverbially hypocritical sorrow, and although it has not been my fortune to examine personally this monster weeping over his slaughtered victim, I feel perfectly assured, from the reports of more fortunate naturalists, that its lachrymal drops are justly liable to impeachment, as being either wholly fortuitous, or an instinctive trick of shocking simulation that can not, in any way, affect my argument. As for the pretensions of the several orders of the monkey family toward this signet of humanity, they may be summarily classed with other aspiring artifices which serve to distend that hideous symmetry of character by which these rascally mimics of the great human master are marked.

Far be from me the assumption to prescribe, in these remarks, the proper rule and fashion for weeping. Physiologists and others, who are familiar

with the natural history of the human frame, tell us that this faculty is more liberally developed in some constitutions, and that it predominates with greater force over certain periods and conditions of the same constitution. A tear-gauge, I am well assured, would not furnish, under any circumstances, a correct standard by which the delicate degrees of sympathy or sorrow might be determined. For judging by such a rule, we might, for example, expect to hear the slender heart-strings of infancy and childhood snapping continually around us through the distension of excessive woes! Yet such a catastrophe, I believe, seldom occurs. So again, on the other hand, aggravated grief in adults, it is known, will sometimes abjure the common relief of sense, exhibiting in fact a mournful inability to dissolve itself in tears. I might add, that were a code of laws established, prescribing the appropriate seasons for weeping, together with the quantity of tear-shedding demanded by each occasion, it would serve unhappily to give sanction to that prurient curiosity some persons have to look into your face at a friend's funeral to see whether you weep, and how much, that they may report the matter to the public as an infallible criterion of your feelings. Through respect for their amiable reputations, placed thus at the mercy of these funereal quidnuncs, many, I am sure, feel obliged to shed tears at times when sorrow has cast but a fleeting shadow in their breasts. The unpretending observations of this paper are rather designed to illustrate some general features of propriety in relation to the true genius of weeping.

It is gallantly conceded on all sides, I believe, that this function after the period of childhood, when it has donned a decided character of morality, becomes especially the prerogative of the gentler sex. But a grave question, it is well known, has divided the reflecting world since the early days of the philosopher Zeno, and perhaps

sooner, as to the article of reserved rights men should insert when making an assignment of this valuable faculty to the ladies: in other words, to present the question in a more direct and literal manner, whether the blubbering school-boy before he aspires to the dignity of manhood, should hand over to his sisters, together with his child's frock and treble voice, the habit of "crying," wholly or only in part? Even admitting that victory has in modern times perched upon the standards of the latter side, no golden mean, to be observed by men in using this equivocal property, has been fairly settled upon by philosophy or uniform precedent. My strictures accordingly as to this point shall be directed to some excesses marking the extremes of the question by which propriety and good taste are not unfrequently offended.

Some men, beyond all controversy, shed tears too easily. I have, for example, a clerical friend who has contracted a morbid habit of setting off, at some stage, every sermon he delivers, with a flood of tears. Strangers who happen into his church during the services, without being apprised of this amiable malady, are often deeply troubled at witnessing the tender outburst, and, submitting to an assessment of nature, suffer usually their own lachrymose sympathies to be somewhat taxed. The people of his own charge, however, have been made, by dint of usage, more or less callous of temperament, and, excepting a few excellent old ladies, disclose at length no signs of melting under this trick of pulpit weeping. Yet I must say to their credit, they contemplate the phenomenon from their pews with the most charitable forbearance, constituting, as it does in their estimation, a solitary blemish in a character radiant with a thousand excellences. I was terribly chidden, a short time ago, by a godly matron belonging to his church, for gently expressing my demurs as to the propriety of this habit.

She viewed it as the blessed fruit of a holy impulse; and accordingly a subject of a sphere that should ever be kept inviolate against the profane tilts of criticism. I still think, notwithstanding that rebuff and sacred claim, that it is dangerous tampering with the emotional part of our nature. I have just alluded to the hardening tendencies in my friend's congregation of his tear-falling sermons: I may add that the most touching appeals of eloquence pronounced by sacred orators who occasionally officiate in his church in behalf of benevolent objects, fail at present to move ostensibly the hearts of the people. Some itinerant revival preachers, too, whose fine theatrical show of feeling and sound unluckily failed to produce their usual results in this congregation, left in holy anger, and have since widely represented my friend's charge as consisting of hard-shell reprobates already held under bond and mortgage to the devil. Such representations, even when known to have been prompted chiefly by wounded vanity, are calculated almost insensibly to darken the virtues of a church in the popular mind.

But, on the other hand, as my remarks are constructed on principles of candor, I must grant that my friend's tears possess one redeeming mark. They are analogous to trumpet blasts at a tournament, and herald the coming of the finest thoughts in the sermon. It would seem, indeed, as if they had served to lubricate the machinery of the mind within, and were then exuded upon the visage by its preliminary essays of invigorated motion. Accordingly whenever it is my good fortune to sit under my friend's ministrations, I watch with great interest for the period when, as usual, he pauses in his discourse, casts a lugubrious glance over the people, and shows the first tear-drop glistening in his half-closed eye; I then mechanically gird up my mind and prepare for an enchanting treat. I have detected the magic blossom,

and confidently look for preternatural fruit.

A man, however, for his own sake should establish a prudent censorship over the habit of weeping. He should consider the astonishing efficacy custom has in making every practice increasingly pleasant to us; and the corresponding tendency of the mind to slide down permanently from a higher position of firmness to the level of its repeated indulgences. Thus in the present case are its manly traits in imminent danger of being exchanged for other characteristics of the feminine state, of which weeping is but the forerunner.

When we turn to the other extreme of the question, criticism is troubled at the scenes history has painted of noble natures that have had their best properties crushed under the triumphal progress of the ancient Jugernaut of stoicism. The more noble Romans of the old republic, it is known, even during its later periods, so worshiped the dignity of man that they esteemed it the highest virtue to banish from the mind the tender emotions both of love and sorrow. Cicero insisted that the tears shed over the tombs of departed friends, and all testimonies of grief, were supportable only in women, and were a bad omen. At this sentiment Mme. de Stael takes umbrage, and terribly retorts, as follows, upon the grand old sage, for his scorn of her sex: "Thus was the man who wished to subdue human nature himself the victim of superstition." It was too true. Nature was revenged; as she also was by the phantom-creed of the noble stoic Brutus who saw the ghost of Cæsar in his tent before the tragedy at Phillippi. The fact is, it was but another Titanic war which that philosophy had undertaken, directed against the more celestial attributes of human nature, and accordingly it was miserably foiled. Plutarch, by the way, relates a fine incident which occurred at the parting scene of Brutus and Portia within a temple at the

sea-side that charmingly illustrates the revolting tendencies of nature against pure stoicism. Portia, it is known, had disciplined her virtuous mind to a fortitude that challenged universal admiration; the story long rang through Rome how she had once inflicted, with her own hands, a serious wound upon her thigh to convince her husband that she had sufficient firmness to share with him his state secrets. The illustrious pair stood together in the temple, supplicating the protection of the gods before they parted. Cato's daughter maintained a heroism worthy of her philosophy and family during the service, until at last her eyes fell upon a painting that represented the parting scene of Hector and Andromache. She was overcome at that spectacle, and burst into tears; her husband, in a melting mood himself, committed her at once to some friends and hurried away. What a sublime triumph of nature was there, in these "last of the Romans," over the anticipated aggrandizement of that old iron system of ethics!

The contrast to this Roman austerity, presented by the ancient Hebrews, as their habits are depicted in the Bible, is excellent. How frequently do we see them patriarchs and princes, prophets and priests, honestly yielding, without restraint or shame, to the emotional instincts of their grand old natures! Those oriental forefathers of the world set admirable examples of the true dignity of manhood for posterity, even when they lifted up their voices and wept heartily, as they were wont to do, upon proper occasions.

The stories were egregiously mistaken; for tears are not only becoming to the dignity of manhood, but are, in fact, essential to the symmetry of true masculine greatness. Under a given view, they suitably express the mind's yearnings in its dread relations to the truth of immortality, and become a seal of healthful spiritual conversatism. Skepticism does

not weep. Religion employs the tears of sorrow and repentance—"the gift that is most dear to heaven,"* to good purpose. Its shining light transforms them to those of hope, and casts celestial rainbows through them as a medium upon the troubled firmament within.

No scenes of the kind in history have attracted me more than the lamentation of Christ before the vault of Lazarus, and the weeping of Napoleon over the dying Duroc after the victory of Bautzen. I shall call brief attention to those two events in illustration of my subject. In reference to some features, a parallel might be instituted between them. In each a majestic superior bewailed the loss of a devoted friend and adoring disciple. And yet how wide the moral interval between the springs of tenderness welling up respectively from the solemn depths of those grand hearts! Our blessed Redeemer afforded in himself a perfect model of the highest human greatness. Those powers which constitute the perfection of humanity, intellect, will, and benevolence, were symmetrically combined in their loftiest forms in his person. From his throne of thought, elevated above the perverted sentiments as to glory and well-being that reigned in the world generally, he looked habitually upon the immense sadness of life. The death of his friend was chiefly a suggestive fact (for he knew Lazarus would live again); the calamities of the globe, for the mitigation of which he had covenanted to lay down his life, pressed through the occasion more touchingly upon his view, and his philanthropy at the spectacle, melted into tears. The *ensemble* of human grandeur was then completed. Hope shouted "glory," at those drops of wisdom and virtue shed over the lurid drama of dying life.

Napoleon, it is true, came after a different fashion to the death-bed of his follower; but, nevertheless, his

* Story of a Peri, in Lalla Rookh.

tears brought him one remove nearer to the standard of perfection. His habitual military austerity gave a brilliant coloring to that unexpected display of tenderness. "Duroc," said he, weeping, "there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again." True, those tears gave token of no imperial sympathies for the thirty thousand slain upon that battle-field! no Christ-like pity of that magnificent mind for the tragic fate of a million Frenchmen whom it had wantonly sacrificed upon the fell altar of the old god Mars! But still they represented something good and great, and more, too, than a mere lovely episode of feeling; they disclosed a spiritual oasis, insulated and blooming, amidst the stern reaches of the emperor's mind. They also expressed an indefinite yearning for once of that mind toward the attainment of its full human complement deficient on the side of spiritual benevolence.

I now turn to the ladies—to the enviable task of surveying critically the tear-impearled eyes of beauty. While the faculty of weeping has its root in the sphere of humanity generally, it culminates and flowers most appropriately in the morality and loving life of woman. She is more nearly related to nature in its mild ethical phases, as also in its law and dependence than the other sex. Broad intelligence and bold speculation, with congenial peculiarities of physical structure, insure a vigorous independent personality to man, constituting him the strong standard-bearer of human nature; whereas the gentle intellect of woman is but the minister of her tastes and feelings, controlled in its ordinary activity by the sway of nature flowing more freely in her peculiar organization, thus deciding her dependent personality. She was taken, according to the Scriptures, in a symbolic dream from the side of man, and she still instinctively returns for protection and guidance to his side. Her breast is the only true

mundane *abode* of sorrow; and her tears are its powerful proof-glass bearing perpetual witness to her delicate sensibilities and state of dependence. They are addressed to man as often as to God, whereas his, when they flow, are only addressed to God or lurid destiny.

Among the various ornaments of woman, contributed to her sex by nature or art, none is so enchanting as the expressive tear. It far surpasses in its witching effects, under particular circumstances, the magic power of jewelry—variegated cameos and intaglios, blue amethysts, pearls from the Indian seas, rubies, the topaz and beryl, and inestimable brilliants. What man who has not sometime felt that it is indeed a rarer, richer gem than all? The illustration, however, of the ornamental side of this subject belongs rather to the amorous genius of Anacreontic poetry. I, therefore, give up to the inspired votaries of Erato all claims here, and pass on in my humble walk.

The tears of conjugal affection prove, not unfrequently, powerful as the mystic shield of Pallas for the protection of the exposed virtue of man. My young friend Willson affords luckily an example to illustrate this statement. Possessed of a sanguine temper and fine frank manners, he was a general favorite in society; and having some fortune, he was frequently inveigled, before his marriage, into scenes of dissipation, and sometimes induced to take a hand at play. However, at the auspicious period of his nuptials, he virtuously resolved to forsake forever his profligate associates. During the gay honeymoon, and, I may add, for six months after, he observed his pledge as steadfastly as ever did King Henry V.; passing his evenings with his charming consort, sometimes abroad, but more generally in the shade and covert of domestic felicity. His friends, who knew the dangers to which his morals had been exposed, were delighted, and thanked Heaven repeatedly for the amiable means by

which he had been rescued from destruction. "He has sown his wild oats," we said to one another at our social tea-sippings, "and now that good woman God has given him is making him a model for our young men." These congratulations were, alas, premature! The foul fiend which had insinuated its coil within his noble nature had not been ejected, it was but covertly abiding its time. It is a sad mistake for a man to promise himself real amendment in his life by a mere change of place or circumstances; his sinful proclivities must be taken in hand and mastered, otherwise the purest society, even that of the heavenly saints, would fail to transform him into more than seeming goodness.

My young friend, at length, felt the charms of old associations returning to his bosom. His former companions, who were skilled—as I believe the devil's finest adepts generally are—in the agreeable arts of seduction, once more approached him. It was, if I remember right, during the Christmas holidays, when the moral bonds of society are somewhat slackened and traditional hilarity disposes one to offer a welcome to all old acquaintances. They congratulated him with a genial twinkle of satire upon his saintly petticoat wardship; and asked him if it would be possible for him during a single evening to trust himself away from the silken leading strings. They besought his pardon for their honest freedoms. The inducements of the season were then earnestly presented, and after brief opposition, the poor fellow yielded to temptation. From that time gradually he left his fireside endearments to become once more the votary of profligate pleasures. Now, indeed, his star of hope seemed finally to have set; and we all contemplated his career with the most gloomy forebodings. How agreeably astonished were we then after a season to find him suddenly reforming again, and evidently upon better principles than

formerly, for he soon became a church-member, and has ever since put on an inflexible front of piety in his deportment. So exemplary in fact has his life grown that we have held some conversations about making him a deacon.

But the prettiest part, as to his reformation, remains to be mentioned. He has informed me with his own lips that, aside from divine grace, he is a debtor to his wife's tears for his present character such as it is. When she had first become fully apprised of the perilous bent his moral disorders had taken, she sweetly entreated him to come home in the evenings and try again the old remedy of domestic sweets; she would use, the poor child promised, every faculty she possessed to make that home happy for him. But when her supplications all failed, she sank by degrees into a state of uncomplaining melancholy. He always found her, when he returned home from his debaucheries at night, patiently expecting him, although the cock crowing more frequently than otherwise marked the hour as being long after midnight. It was her custom to await his coming in a loose wrapper beside the fire, having a cup of tea and some toast prepared for him. By the flickering light he could always see that she was weeping, as with half-stifled kind words and constrained smiles she greeted his entrance. He felt, from his knowledge of her, that there was no policy of wisdom—no scheme of art played off there to operate upon his sensibilities. "Her interesting condition at the time," he exclaimed, "which called for a husband's most tender sympathies, seemed tacitly to reproach my inhumanity. Had she upbraided me for my course," said he, laughing, yet with big, ludicrous-looking tear-drops in his fine eyes,—“had she even taken the broom-stick to me, I might have stood it! I am not superstitious, sir, and yet I do solemnly declare that more than once, the afflicted phantom-face of my weeping wife, covered the

place of my card hand, at the gaming-table!"

In compensation for the secondary rank women hold in the civil structure of society, Providence has given them, in this faculty, a magnificent power, insuring to them the most valuable, and gratifying triumphs. It is a power singularly perfected in their very weakness. The influence exerted by it, upon the fortunes of the world, has given a luster to some of the greatest events of past centuries. All, no doubt, will remember in this connection, the sacred narrative of Esther, in the Bible,—how at a most critical juncture, and with hazard to her own life, she "besought Ahasuerus, *with tears*, to put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite, and his devices that he had devised against the Jews;" and how the great king was overcome, and "held out the golden scepter to Esther."

Shakspeare, in his "Antony and Cleopatra," paints, with a felicitous stroke of genius, the power of this subtle alchemy, where, after the flight from Actium, Anthony thus reproaches the queen:

O'er my spirit,
Thy full supremacy thou knewest, and that
Thy beck might, from the bidding of the gods,
Command me.

CLIO.—O pardon, pardon.

ANT.—Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost; give me a kiss.

We condemn the wanton gallantry of the Roman chief; and yet, do not our hearts acknowledge the sudden, amorous reaction depicted here, to be most true to nature!

It is a sad truth to confess, that this beautiful power, even amidst the virtuous walks of life, is not invariably enlisted in behalf of man's true social well-being. It was Dr. Young, I believe, who kept a skeleton in his study, to admonish him of his mortality, and to rebuke, by its constant presence, any sportive humors that might arise in his mind. Few would suspect that the author of "Night Thoughts" needed such a monitor to repress unbecoming geniality! The Doctor's gloomy fancy in that matter en-

shrouded, notwithstanding, an admirable truth, in relation to human conduct. I have thought that a good historical painting, illustrating some domestic story, similar to that of John and Sally Logan, (of which I am about to speak), would constitute a tasty embellishment for a young wife's boudoir, while at the same time, like a faithful Mentor, it would inculcate its silent moral, as often as she prepared her charming toilet for the more elegant demands of society.

"John," said Sally, one night in the sitting-room, "do you mind, before our marriage, how you were forever pressing your fine gifts on me, whether I would or not? I had to caution *you* then; but now the scene's changed, I rather think. I little dreamt once, dear, that John Logan would ever be content to live so meanly. I am sure, we'll lose our place in society; the Davenports have called but once since we began house-keeping. I called at Quigley's to-day, and would you believe it, though not half as well off as we are, they have furnished their parlor most elegantly, from Woodwell's!"

John Logan, who was a clever young merchant, contracted the blues under this assault, and "sat musing while the fire burned." At length, in sad, slow words, edged perceptibly with gentle censure, he informed her, for the tenth time, concerning his limited capital, and the current straits of his business affairs.

"Sally," said he, brightening up a little, "do just wait for two or three years, and I can then gratify your wishes, without detriment to our credit,—I know I can."

But Satan held up the vision of Quigley's fine parlor before John's domestic divinity, so that she continued inexorable.

"That's the old story, John; we'll wait, and wait, until we are as old as John Anderson and his prim wife there" (nodding toward the Parian *statuettes* of that worthy old couple,

glimmering on the mantel-piece), "and then, I suppose, we'll want no change. You are just following in your uncle David's footsteps; you'll be economizing this way all your days, seeming as poor as Job's turkey, all to save a great fortune for—; there's no sense in it, John. I see you are getting in the dumps again; do you know, John, I heard you were boasting to Cooper and Will Jones, at the store last week, about your balance sheet, and your copper stocks; but here, as soon as I mention furniture, and a genteel mode of living, you become as blue as a miser! John, dearie, don't look so cross now,—two years ago at Cape May, the evening of that buggy-ride, you mind, who would have predicted this? Do look up, John."

John did look up from beholding the grate, and saw the tears streaming down Sally's sweet damask-cheeks. His own gloomy looks—the picture of a November cloud, beside the dreary prospects of her suit, had wrought upon her sensitive fibers to produce that crisis. The dewy witchery of her reproachful eyes, in the fire-light, was absolutely enchanting. Ah, loving, generous John; who could censure the man's better judgment for succumbing, as it did, to the powerful fascination! Was it not the idolized wife of his bosom?—and was he an angel Ithuriel, that he could detect there, the fascinations of a serpent, coiled covertly among moss-roses? Husbands with hearts of phlegm, and with every thought converted into a faithful sentry of avarice, could, no doubt, have resisted its power, and perhaps, a few better natures too, but not many. John recollected the glory of her maiden state, and how she had bestowed the rich prizes of her beauty and love upon him, as he presented himself among more opulent suitors; and now this was her reward! No, no, John Logan had not degenerated into that spiritless fellow yet;—and, with a start, he actually caught Sally in his arms, and soon checked her

tears, by talking tenderly to her, as if she had been a little child. The Rubicon of prudence was crossed that same evening, with beautiful enthusiasm: and, without loss of time, John and his pretty wife soon entered, in full costume, the brilliant lists of fashionable life. The poor fellow failed in business some three years after. I find some relief in turning away from the subject, with its moral, which any young wife can see for herself, to comment on a side issue, raised by such failures. There are people who, even when partaking of the elegant entertainments of a friend that is shrewdly devoted to bankruptcy by the public whisper, and when commending his profusion to his face, are in the habit of examining, in a sly, wishful manner, his rosewood and mahogany valuables. John and Sally Logan had some affectionate guests of that kind. The show and glitter such friends make, at length, with furniture that was sacrificed under the hammer, always start uncomfortable thoughts in the mind;—faugh, they somehow remind one of the glare of the *ignis fatuus* that rises in graveyards, and shines over the bones of dear friends!

Perhaps the fair readers of *The Home* will allow me to express a sentiment here, in the way of counsel. I would suggest that the faculty of weeping, because of the singular virtue that encircles it, should ever be exercised with unusual circumspection. For, on the one hand, if its noble efficacy be employed with indiscriminate profusion, it becomes liable, like a fine piano that is made to fill the evening parlor with never-ceasing melodies, to satiate, and even grow distasteful to the appreciative sense of man. Whereas, on the other hand, if used with moderation, and due regard to its best prescriptive intents, it must ever prove a beneficent power in refining and humanizing the manly breast. A wife's tears of compassion, as an illustration, are much better adapted to enlist a doating husband's practical

sympathy toward objects of distress, than even the objects themselves. They serve thus, by virtue of their magnetism, to bring together for mutual good, different classes of society, and to blend mankind in the same common destiny. But, assuming again the admonitory stand, I do assure my gentle readers that no man will benevolently endure his lot, from any considerations of love or admiration, who has had his home converted into a Ramah, and his wife into a Rachel! This fine faculty was designed by Providence to variegate with its shadings, at proper intervals, the bright sunshine of domestic life, but not to shroud the entire home-landscape in sable melancholy.

In our almanacs, *the dominical letter*, that symbol of Sabbath sanctity, always solemnly gladdens the expectation of labor, pointing out, as it does, a day of holy rest between weekly intervals of time; but should it unhappily be made to preface all days alike, notwithstanding its venerated antecedents, it would lose directly, its sacred significance, or become but the sign of an intolerable grievance. A wife's tears are to her devoted husband, a dominical letter; and the wisdom of the divine arrangement in the matter of the Sabbath, based as it is upon a perfect knowledge of human capabilities, and explanatory of the true genius of our nature, should instruct her as to the moderate use of this impressive sign in the calendar of domestic life.

I shall close these observations with one or two detached reflections. The tears of youth and middle-life exhibit their purest character when shed over the dreary privations occasioned by the death of the virtuous. Such drops are truly sacred. Their reactive power upon the temper is always mellowing. We can pay no higher compliment to the tomb of that departed worth, which reigns in our hearts by its recollections, than to retire from the business and pleasures of the world, to weep there. No

classic monument or mausoleum, no regal pillar or pyramid that I have ever heard of, has pleased my sentiments of propriety, as a suitable testimony of honor and affection toward the beloved dead, like that suggestive "oak of weeping" which sheltered the humble grave of Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, in Bethel.

The tears of age take precedence among all, and appeal to the elevated principle of veneration within us. They beam with a pure light, which grows more holy as it becomes less tinged with the colorings of sense and passion, down the vale of years. If the homage paid to the tears of the aged should even deepen into the likeness of adoration, its intensity would be excusable, for they most resemble the tears of Jesus.

LADIES FOR LADIES' DOCTORS.

THOUGHTFUL men who have ever been involved by some of their frolicsome friends and relations in a water party, or the sort of excursion called a "picnic," or "gipseying," may have remarked that the pleasure, such as it is, of the affair, is generally spoiled by the indisposition of a female member of the company. The retiring figure of a young lady seized with an attack of fainting, headache, or nausea, is a familiar sight at balls, and quite a customary object at public concerts; in the latter case causing a disturbance and confusion which mar the effect of perhaps the most interesting part of the performance. Women have no clubs, they do not smoke cigars, they do not sit drinking brandy-and-water whole evenings, and for the most part, indeed, drink little of any thing but tea; yet who will deny that they come down to breakfast ill a great deal more frequently than men do? Cheerfulness, male and female, is a necessary condition to conjugal felicity; without it the domestic fireside is a place opposite to heaven; but

cheerfulness is incompatible with continual aches, pains, fits, qualms, and morbid nervous sensations. Such miseries induce an habitual despondency and lowness of spirits, not easily distinguishable from dissatisfaction, ill-humor, and sulkiness, and truly not seldom subsiding into those unlovely moods. Yet these are the symptoms which many a husband perusing these remarks will sigh to own that he is unfortunately too well acquainted with. So characteristic, indeed, are they of that sex which, in a bodily sense, may correctly be termed the weaker vessel, that a Frenchman, M. Michelet, has lately written a book wherein he maintains that woman is essentially and always an invalid, and represents the blessedness of matrimony on the part of the husband as consisting mainly in the exercise of benevolent attentions, directed to mitigate the everlasting ailments of his wife. Affection, like virtue, is in some measure, its own reward; and the pleasure which ever attends a kind action will, to a certain extent, remunerate the performance of a vow which binds a man to comfort and keep his spouse in sickness as well as in health; but he will find the performance of that obligation practically a great deal more agreeable in the latter case than in the former. To keep, as well as to comfort a spouse in sickness is, moreover, a thing more easily promised than performed, by a man whose circumstances are too narrow to enable him to afford expensive medical attendance, and to hire servants to manage his household in the place of his wife, incompetent to her office.

It does not appear that squaws, and other savage women, give their husbands much of that sort of trouble, which, as M. Michelet says, ought to be a pleasure. The helpmate of an Ojibbeway, or of an indigenous nigger, is not represented by travelers as much accustomed to lie in a position analagous to that of languishing on the sofa. These women, being in a

state of uncultivated nature, do not commit those breaches of the natural laws which a civilization, in many respects perverse, constrains our ladies to perpetrate. They are, therefore, unvisited with the corresponding penalties. They may be dreadfully tanned and sun-burned, but they are hale and hearty, and accordingly, blessings and treasures to their copper and ebony-colored mates as great as their native charms and graces will let them be.

Although, however, a rational man would, if obliged to choose between an Indian woman or a negress in good condition, and a sickly white girl, doubtless prefer one of the two former ladies for a wife; yet let rude health be but added to refined manners, and delicacy of constitution be wholly moral, and the maid of fair complexion becomes eligible in a degree immensely higher. Knowledge of the laws on which health depends, applied in female education, and observed in female life, is just what will invest the daughters of England with that immense superiority. It is on this account that they, as well as their mothers, are to be congratulated on the fact of the movement which has just been originated in this metropolis by a lady physician, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York. This lady is a real physician; she has studied anatomy, physiology, and the other medical sciences; passed an examination, obtained a regular diploma, and been actually practicing her profession for the last seven years. During the past fortnight and more she has delivered, at the Marylebone Institute, a series of lectures to ladies on medical and hygienic subjects in connection with the special duties of women in the spheres of domestic and social life. Such has been the impression produced by these discourses, that an offer has been made by a benevolent lady to subscribe £8,000 toward the endowment of a proposed female sanitary professorship and woman's hospital.

If girls were taught the general principles of medical science, they would be enabled to add all the attractions possessed by the red and black ladies to their own. Like them, they would not only be free from the disorders which are daily plagues to themselves and all around them, but also, in a great measure, exempt from those pains and perils which, if partly the punishment of "original sin," are in a great measure owing to actual disobedience to the physical laws. In addition, they would be enabled to preserve their infants from the greater part, or greater forms, of those maladies which render married life, in cases of a family, generally one weary scene of thrush, teething, measles, small-pox, and scarlatina. But to teach girls medicine, female professors are of course necessary—such as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. To our married readers, especially those of the aristocracy, may be mentioned another recommendation of female physicians. Doctors in the shape of ladies would, to the satisfaction at least of husbands in general, soon supersede those smirky, and sometimes snobbish, not usually very scientific, and always expensive practitioners, known as "Ladies' Doctors."*

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnish'd with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute e'er comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Take patiently the Minutes of pain—
The worst of Minutes can not remain.

We are but Minutes—when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay—
It takes but a Minute to fly away!

We are but Minutes—use us well—
For how we are used we must one day tell;
Who uses Minutes, has hours to use—
Who loses Minutes, whole years must lose.

* We quote this admirable article from the London Dispatch, as showing how public sentiment is changing in England in regard to woman's sphere of labor.

FLOWERS.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's pavement tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields that ever ringeth
A call to prayer:—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and
column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand—
But to that frame most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless light the sun and moon
supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ,
thunder,
Its dome, the sky.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! and living
preachers—
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book—
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a
crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your law sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Oh, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-
spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish
scope!
Each fading calyx a "memento mori"—
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in
earth;
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remain-
ing,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

THINKING, OR KNOWING.

BEN Franklin once paid dearly for a whistle, and what did he do about it? Did he go about lamenting the loss of his coppers, and setting people against the seller? Ah no! but he remembered the foolish bargain, and in after years, when he had gained wisdom in worldly affairs, and had seen how many were "paying too dearly for their whistles," he jotted down his own experience and reflections thereon, in such a pleasant instructive way, that thousands have read and profited thereby. Well, I am not as wise as Franklin—not at all; but, be my talent one, or one and a fraction, it makes no matter; I have as good a right to profit by experience as he; and if he chained the lightning to put it in service, I will try at least to improve well a little candle-light.

A long time ago, when I was perhaps half my present size, I undertook on a very windy day, to open a large barn-door. I did open it, and what was more, I hung to it until it had completed its half circle, which was in an incredible short space of time, when I found myself lying some ten feet from the door, with one knee quite nicely pounded on a stone! I learned considerable in that short air excursion, but I shall leave that for the text of some future talk.

While I was staying in the house to recover the lame limb, I amused myself in watching the operation of a spinning-wheel. After an hour's close watching, I concluded I was a good spinner; could turn the wheel, and pull out, and roll up, and hitch on a fresh roll, and go through with all the formalities, and "do it brown."

Well, the time came when I was as good as new; and, one day when the wheel was idle, I spun a little, and you may give me credit for having spun some yarns since, but never from *rolls*. Let it suffice to say my dignity received quite a blow; I learned then this simple truth, viz: "thinking you know a thing," and

"knowing that you know it," are two distinct things.

There are many who have not yet learned this, and whose assertions are always without qualification. I once handed a friend a paper containing BEECHER'S sketch of a trout-fishing excursion (which, by the way, is an inimitable sketch for naturalness), and his reply upon finishing its perusal was, "anybody that ever went a fishing could write *that*!"

I presume Mr. B. will not change his estimate of his own writings, because of this disparaging answer—nor shall I; but I confess to a belief that my friend would think differently, had he a better acquaintance with the *pen*.

We sometimes hear men praising the fertility and beauty of some section of country remote from their own residence, in style somewhat like this: "Yes, sir! you can buy a farm there, within one mile of a village, with good water, plenty of wood, &c. &c., for less than half what it would cost here." I generally say to such an one: "Sir, I cannot dispute you, as I have never visited that section; but if your statement be true, and *every thing* there is just as good as here, then you are a lucky man, and my ideas of *yankee shrewdness* will have to be modified somewhat; for I hold that after the first speculations are over, prices of one portion, as compared with another (taking all things into consideration), will be held at about their *proper* value.

There is plenty of room for enlargement upon this subject, but we can one and all, by looking about, discover those who have no doubt that they are well fitted to perform things, which they have never tried, viz: who think they can spin as well anybody.

Of course we have no wish to hinder any one from writing if they can write well; or from moving, if they can honestly increase their means of happiness and usefulness thereby; or from thinking they are possessed of good business talents, &c.; our advice is, "*know*" of that which you affirm.

MRS. WALKER'S BETSY.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

IT is now nearly ten years since I became a summer "fixture" in the little village of Cliff-spring, as teacher in its largest public school. The village itself was devoid of the smallest pretensions to beauty, natural or architectural, being the sudden *up-growth* of prosperous speculation, and at that time, rejoicing in its newness of factory chimneys, and curiously filagreed depots. But all its surroundings were romantic and lovely in the extreme. Skirting one side, was a winding river, bordered with beautiful willows, and on the other, a high hill, thickly wooded, and in many places craggy and precipitous. These woods, in spring and summer, were full of flowers and wild vines; and a clear, cold stream, that had its birth in a cavernous recess among the ledges, dashed over the rocks, and after many wonderful bends and plunges, found its way to the river. At the foot of the hill wound the railroad track, at some points nearly filling the space between the brook and the rocks; at others, almost overhung by the latter. Some of the most delightful walks I ever knew were in this vicinity, and here the whole school would often resort in the warm weather for a Saturday's ramble.

It was upon one of these summer rambles that I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Walker's Betsy. Not that her unenviable name and reputation had been concealed from my knowledge heretofore, for almost from my first introduction to that place, a stream of obloquy, touching that unlucky personage, had been poured in my ears, till her name seemed a synonym for every thing evil. It was the one subject upon which churches, and sewing societies, and neighborhood cliques, were not divided; upon which gossips were harmonious, and quiet people garrulous. But as she was not a member of my class, and

indeed a very irregular attendant of any class, she had never personally fallen under my observation.

I gathered that her parents had but lately come to live in Cliff-spring, that they were both ignorant and vicious, and that the girl, who after all, was only Mrs. Walker's by a former marriage, was an arrant compound of mischief and malice,—a sort of goblin sprite, with such proclivities to diabolism, as had never been known since the era of witchcraft.

In school, her reputation was worst of all. Was a green pumpkin found in the Principal's hat, or an ink-bottle upset in the water-bucket,—did a teacher, upon putting on her bonnet, find a nest of young mice suddenly dropping over her neck and shoulders, her shawl extra-bordered with burdocks, her gloves filled with some ill-scented weed, or her India-rubbers cunningly nailed to the floor, half a hundred juvenile tongues were ready to proclaim Mrs. Walker's Betsy as the undoubted delinquent; and this, despite the fact that very few of these misdemeanors were ever proved upon her. But whether proven or not, she accepted their sponsorship all the same, and laughed at, or defied her accusers, as her mood might be. That the girl was a character in her way, shrewd and sensible, though wholly uncultured, I was well satisfied from all I heard; that she was sly, stubborn, and malicious, I believed, I am ashamed to say, upon very insufficient evidence.

"Where *can* my parasol have gone?" I said, as school closed one sultry July day, and I looked from the window of the ante-room, shrinking from an unsheltered walk in the fierce heat. I was sure I had not carried it from home in the morning, and supposed it had been left in the school-house over night. The girls of my class constituted themselves a committee of search and inquiry, but to no purpose. The article was not in the house or yard; and then my committee changed themselves into a

jury, and without a dissenting voice, pronounced Mrs. Walker's Betsy guilty of "cribbing" my poor little sunshade. She had been seen loitering in the ante-room, and afterward running away in great haste. The charge seemed reasonable enough, but as I could not learn that Betsy had ever been convicted of a theft, though continually suspected, I requested the girls to keep the matter quiet for a few days at least, to which they unwillingly consented.

That evening I had promised to conduct my class to a place in the woods, where on the day previous I had found some beautiful specimens of Phlox, which were to call Botanics in requisition. When the sun was low in the west, we set forth, walking nearly the whole distance in the shadow of the hill. We climbed the ridge, rested a moment, and then started in search of the splendid patch of purple blossoms I had accidentally found in taking a short cut over the hill to the house of a friend I was to visit.

"Stop, Miss Burke," came in suppressed tones from half my little troop, as, emerging from a thicket, we came in sight of a queer object perched upon a little mound, among dead sticks and leaves. It was a diminutive child, who, judging from her face, and not her size, might be eleven or twelve years of age. A little, brown, weird face it was, with keen eyes lightening out from a mass of stringy black hair, that wandered distractedly from the confinement of an old comb.

"There's Mrs. Walker's Betsy! I do declare!" whispered Matty Holmes. "She often goes home from school this way, and now she is playing truant. She'll get a whipping if her mother finds it out."

"Miss Burke," interposed another, in an energetic whisper, "see what she has in her hand!" I looked, and there, to be sure, was my lost parasol.

"There now, didn't we say so?" "Don't she look guilty?" "Impudent baggage!" were the low ejaculations of

my indignant vigilance committee; but in truth the girl's appearance was unconcerned and innocent enough. She sat swaying herself about, opening and shutting the wonderful instrument, holding it between her eyes and the light, to ascertain the quality of the silk, and sticking a pin in the handle to try if it were ivory, or mere painted wood.

"Let's dash upon her, and see her scamper!" was the most benevolent suggestion whispered in my ear.

"No," I said, "I wish to speak with her alone first. All of you stay here out of sight, and I will return presently." They fell back dissatisfied, and contented themselves with peeping and listening, while I advanced toward the forlorn child, determined to win her confidence so far, as to persuade her of my friendly intentions toward her, before referring to the wrong she had done me. She started a little as I approached, thrust the parasol behind her, and then pleasantly made room for me on the little hillock where she sat.

"Well, this is a nice lounge," I said, dropping down beside her; "just large enough for two, and softer than any *tele-a-tete* in Mrs. Graham's parlor. Now, little girl, I should like to know your name?" for I thought it best to fain ignorance of her antecedents.

"Bets!" was the ready reply.

"Betsy what?"

"Bets Walker, mother says; but I say Arnold. That was father's name. 'Taint no difference though. It's Bets any way."

"Well, Betsy, what do you suppose made this little mound we are sitting upon?" I asked, merely to gain time.

"I never heard," she answered, looking up curiously in my face. "Maybe a rock got covered up and growed over, ever so far down. Maybe an Injun's buried up there."

I told her I had seen larger mounds that contained Indian remains, but none so small as this.

"It might a ben a baby, though," she returned, digging her brown toes among the leaves, and winking her eyelids roguishly. "A papoose, you know, a real little Injun! I wish it had a been me, and I'd a been buried here; I'd a liked it first rate! Only I wouldn't a wanted the girls should come and set over me."

"Why do you talk so? What makes you wish yourself buried here?" said I.

"Cause I do! It's better to be a dead Injun than a live nigger," she answered resolutely.

"You're not quite so dark-skinned as that," I said with considerable gravity.

She burst into a pleasant and musical laugh. "I was'nt thinkin' of my skin, and you know it. Mother and old Walker make a nigger of me, and send me to get drink for 'em, when I'd rather get 'em pizen. The old man drinks, and mother, she's learning, and I expect to take to it bime-by. The school-girls treat me worse than a nigger, too. If I didn't want so bad to get to read the books father left, I'd never go to school another day. I wouldn't, so!" And her brow darkened again with evil emotions.

"Did your own father leave you books?"

"Yes, real good ones. Only they're old and torn some. Mother couldn't sell 'em for nothin'; so she lets me keep 'em. She sold every thing else." Then suddenly changing her tone, she asked slyly:

"You hain't lost any thing, have you!"

"Yes," I answered, "I see you have my sun-shade."

She held it up, laughing with boisterous triumph. "You left it hanging in that tree yonder," she said, pointing to a low-branching beech at a little distance. "It was kind o' careless, too. 'Sposin' it had rained?"

Astonishment kept me silent. How could I have forgotten what I now so clearly recalled—hanging the shade upon a tree, the previous afternoon,

while I descended a ravine for flowers. I felt humiliated in the presence of the poor little neglected, and suspected child.

"Well, Betsy, I was certainly dreadfully careless, and am greatly obliged to you for taking care of my lost property. Now I must go with my class, who are waiting for me over yonder. So only a word more, this time, but I will see you again soon. Keep on going to school, and try hard to learn. Don't notice what the girls say, but act rightly, and make them ashamed to plague you. Next term, if you study hard, you will get into my department, and we will see then if those books can't be mastered very soon. At home be patient and gentle to your parents, and never, *never* taste that wretched drink! Good by."

"Good by." Her eyelids were winking again, but not this time with mischief. She tossed on her ragged bonnet, and before I had rejoined my ambushed class, was out of sight. Forlorn and friendless little wail,—how my heart ached for her!

I found the ambushed faces considerably elongated, and much more serious than I had left them, for they had heard every word that passed, and were measurably ashamed of their unjust suspicions. But I do not think they felt any more kindly toward Mrs. Walker's Betsy than before.

For several days after this, the girl did not come to school at all, nor did I once see her, though I thought of her daily with much anxiety. During this time, the Principal of the school planned an excursion by railroad, to a station ten miles distant, to be succeeded by a picnic on the lake shore. Great was the delight of the little ones, grown weary of the unvaried routine through the exhausting heats of July. Many were the councils called by the boys, many were the enthusiastic discussions held among the girls, and seldom, indeed, did they break up without leaving one or more subjects of controversy unsettled.

In these differences, the teachers

wisely interfered as little as possible, and they were generally amicably adjusted. The party who wished blue to be the uniform dress, yielded to the majority, who preferred white; the portion who voted for warm refreshments were soon reasoned into holding up their hands for cold; and the few who desired a 'speech' from some noted orator, reconsidered the matter, and decided that it would undoubtedly be 'tedious'! But upon one point, the most perfect harmony of opinion prevailed; and it was the solitary one against which I felt bound strongly to protest. This was their decision that Mrs. Walker's Betsy was quite unnecessary to the complement of the party, and was consequently to receive no invitation.

"Miss Burke! That *looking* object!" cried Amy Pease, as I earnestly remonstrated. "Why, the girl hasn't a thing fit to wear, if there were no other reason!" I reminded her that Betsy had a very decent basque given her by the minister's wife, and that an old lawn skirt of mine could be tacked for her with very little trouble.

"Such an awkward, uncouth creature! She would mortify us to death;" groaned Hettie Dale.

"She could carry no biscuits or cake, for she has no one to make them for her," said another.

"She would eat enormously, and make herself sick," objected little Nellie Day, a noted glutton.

In vain I combatted these arguments, offering to take lemons and crackers for her share, and even urging the humanity of allowing the poor girl to make herself sick upon good things for once in her life. Some other teachers joined me, but when the question was put to a vote among the scholars, it received a hurried negative, as unanimous, as it was noisy.

"And now I think of it," added Mattie Price, the principal's daughter, "the Walkers are out of the precinct, and so Betsy has no real right among us at all." And thus the matter ended.

All the night previous to the great excursion, I suffered severely from head-ache, which grew no better upon rising, and as usual, increased in violence as the sun mounted higher upon its cloudless course. At half past nine, as the long train, with its freight of eager faces, moved from the Depot, I was lying in a darkened room, my forehead bound in ice-bandages, and my feverish pillow saturated with camphor and hartshorn.

The disappointment, in itself, was not severe. I needed rest, and the utter stillness was very grateful to my overtaxed nerves. Besides, the slight put upon poor Betsy had destroyed much of my pleasure in anticipation. I lay patiently until two o'clock, when, as I expected, the pain abated. At five I was entirely free from head-ache, and felt much in need of a walk in the fresh air, which a slight shower at noon-day had cooled and purified.

Choosing the shaded route, and ascending by a gentle slope, I walked out upon the hill, and, book in hand, sat down under a tree, alternately reading, and gazing upon the sweet rural picture that lay before me. Soon a pleasant languor steeped my senses. Dense wood and craggy hill, green valley and gushing brook faded from sight and hearing, and I was asleep!

Probably half an hour elapsed before I opened my eyes, and saw sitting beside me the same elfish little figure I had once before encountered in the wood. The stringy hair, the sun-burned neck, the tattered dress, the wild, wierd-looking eyes, could belong to no one but Mrs. Walker's Betsy. In one hand she held my parasol, opened in a position to shade my face from a slanting sunbeam; with a small bush in the other, she was protecting me from mosquitoes, and other insect annoyances.

"Well done, little Genius of the Wood; am I to be always indebted to you for finding what I lose," I said, jumping up, and shaking my dress clear from leaves.

She laughed immoderately. "First you lost your shade in the woods, and now you've been and lost yourself. I guess you'll have to keep me always," she giggled, trotting along beside me. "I was mighty scared when I see you lying there, and the sun creeping round through the trees, like a great red lion going to spring at you, and eat you up. I thought you'd gone to the ride."

I explained the cause of my detention, and saw she was rather pleased than otherwise; for, as I soon drew from her, she had been bitterly disappointed in the affair, and felt her rejection very keenly. She had come to this spot now, for the sole purpose of peeping from behind some rock or tree at the merry company on their return home, which would be at six o'clock.

"I coaxed old Walker and his wife to let me have some green corn and cow-cumbers, and I put on my best spencer, and went to the depot this morning, but none of 'em asked me to get in. Hal Price kicked my basket over, too! I s'pose I wasn't dressed fine enough. They all wore their Sunday things. I wish 'twould rain pitch, and spile 'em;—I do so!"

I offered her many topics of consolation, but she refused to listen, and went on enumerating sundry disastrous results, which "she just wished would happen; she did so!" and giving vent to various amusing, if unchristian denunciations. Suddenly, she stopped, and at the same instant, we raised our heads and listened. It was a deep, grinding, crashing sound, as of rocks sliding over, and past each other! There was a crackling, as of roots and branches twisted and wrenched from their places,—then a jar, heavy and terrible, that reverberated through the forest, making the earth quake beneath our feet, and all the leafy branches tremble above us.

We knew it instantly—there had been a heavy fall of rock not far from us, and instantaneously we started in the direction of the sound. The place

was soon reached. An enormous mass of rock and earth, in which many small trees were growing, had fallen directly upon the railroad track, and that too, at a point where the stream wound nearest, and its bank made a steep descent upon the other side.

After a moment of gazing in horror-struck silence, the thought started to our lips,—What is to be done! It appeared we were sole witnesses of the accident, and though the crash might have been heard, and the jar felt at the village, who would think of a land-slide? And upon the railroad! Ten minutes at least must elapse before we could give the alarm, and in half that time the train was due.

In that speechless, breathless moment, before my duller ear perceived it, Betsy caught the sound of the approaching train, muffled as it was by the hill that lay between. It was advancing at fearful speed; rushing on—all that freight of joyous human life,—on to certain destruction; into the terrible jaws of Death!

I was utterly paralyzed. Not so Mrs. Walker's Betsy.

"I'm a goin' to run and yell," she cried, and was off upon the instant. Screaming at the top of her voice, keeping near the edge of the bank from which she could be soonest seen from the approaching train, plunging through underbrush, and leaping like a chamois among the rocks, she dashed on, and sounded her warning cry as she went.

"Fire! Fire! Murder! Hollo the house! Head the horses! Thieves! Thieves! Mad dogs! Get out of the way old Dan Tucker!" were a few of the changes improvised as she ran.

I followed as I could; seemingly in a sort of night-mare, wondering why I did not shriek, yet incapable of making a sound; expecting every moment to fall upon the rocks, yet picking my steps with a sureness and rapidity that astonished me even then.

Betsy's next move was to bend down a small sapling, and calling to me to throw my crimson scarf upon

it, she allowed it to rebound. Then she bid me shake it, which I did vigorously. It stood at an angle upon the bank, and commanding a long stretch of the railroad, it was a most appropriate place to erect a signal. Then leaping upon the track, she bounded on like a deer, shouting and gesticulating with redoubled energy, now that the train appeared in sight. It soon became evident that the engineer was neither blind nor deaf, for the brakes were speedily applied, and the engine reversed. Still it dashed on with dreadful velocity, and Betsy turned and ran back toward the obstructed place in an agony of excitement.

Gradually the speed lessened, the wheels obeyed their checks, and when at last they came to a full stop, the cow-catcher was within four feet of the rock. Many, seeing the danger, had already leaped off; many more, terrified, and unconscious of the real nature of the danger, crowded the platforms, and pushed off those before them. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, in the midst of which my heart sent up only the quivering cry of joy—"Saved! saved!"

Betsy had climbed half way up the bank and thrown herself, exhausted, upon the loose gravel, with her apron drawn over her head. I picked my way down to the train, to assist the frightened children. Mr. Price, the principal, was handing out his own three, and teachers and pupils followed like swarms of bees from a hive.

"Now, Miss Burke," said the principal, in a voice that grew very tremulous, as he looked at the frightful mass before him, "I wish to hear who it was that gave the alarm, and saved us from this hideous fate. Was it *you*?"

I think I never felt a glow of truer pleasure than then, as I answered quickly, "I had nothing to do with saving your lives, sir, and take no credit in the matter. The person to whom your thanks are due sits on the bank yonder—Mrs. Walker's Betsy."

Every eye wandered toward the

crouching figure, who, with head closely covered, appeared indifferent to all that was passing. Mr. Price opened his port-monnaie. "Here are ten dollars," he said, "which I wish you to give the girl, for myself and children. Tell her that, as a school, she will hear from us again."

I went to Betsy's side, put the money in her hand, and begged her to uncover her face. But she resolutely refused to do more than peep through one of the holes in her apron, as the whole school singly and slowly defiled past her in the narrow space between the train and the bank. A more crest-fallen multitude I never saw, and the eyes that ventured to turn toward the prostrate figure, as they passed within a few feet of her, had shame and contrition in their glances. Once only she whispered, as a haughty-looking boy went past, "That's the one that kicked over my basket. I wish I'd let him gone to smash! I do, *so*."

The children climbed over the rocks, and went to their homes, sadder and wiser for their awful lesson; and in twenty-four hours the track was cleared from obstruction.

The principal, though a man but little inclined to look for the "angel side" of such unprepossessing humanity as Mrs. Walker's Betsy, had too strong a sense of justice, and too grateful a sense of his children's spared lives, not to make a very affecting appeal to the assembled school on the following day. A vote to consider Betsy a member of the school, and entitled to all its privileges, met with no opposition, and a card of thanks couched in feeling terms, received the signature of every pupil and teacher. A purse was next made up for her by voluntary contributions, amounting to twenty dollars; and to this was added an entire suit of clothes, a quantity of books, and a handsome *red shawl*, in which her brunette skin, carefully washed, and her neatly combed, jetty hair, appeared to excellent advantage.

Betsy bore her honors meekly, and no longer feeling that she was scorned

as an intruder, came regularly to school, learned rapidly, and in her new dress and improved manners, became gradually an attractive, as she had always been a most intelligent child. Of her own accord, she went to the teachers, and confessed sundry mischievous pranks and absurdities, formerly committed, but firmly denied any participation in the more serious misdemeanors which had been attributed to her. And strange to say, no one doubted her story.

In less than a year her mother died, and her miserable step-father removed to the far West, leaving her as domestic in a worthy and wealthy family in Cliff-spring. The privileges of school were still granted her, and amid the surroundings of comfort and refinement, the change from "Mrs. Walker's Betsy" to "Lizzie Arnold" became still more apparent. She rapidly rose from one class to another, and is now one of the judicious and beloved managers of the very school, and instructs the younger brothers and sisters of the very scholars, who, ten years since, voted her a "nuisance, and a plague." There is truth in the old rhyme:

"It isn't all in bringing up,
Let men say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still!"

LITTLE CHILDREN.

A CHAPTER FOR MOTHERS.

MANY are the endearing ways of children, and most precious are those which reveal the dawn of love in the young soul. Even before the wondrous faculty of speech is acquired, love-tokens are not wanting; and I scarcely remember a more touching tale of a mother's memories of her children, than the picture Mrs. Judson has drawn of her infant son. Thus she describes him: "Our little darling boy is now laid in the silent tomb. Eight months we enjoyed the precious gift, in which time he had so completely entwined himself around

his parents' hearts, that his existence seemed necessary to their own. He was a remarkably pleasant child; he never cried but while in pain; nor ever, during his little existence, showed the least anger or impatience at anything. This was not owing to the want of intellect; for his tender feelings of sensibility most endeared him to us. Whenever his father or I passed his cradle without taking him, he would follow us with his eyes to the door, when they would fill with tears; and his countenance so expressive of grief, though he lay perfectly silent, would force us back to him, which caused his little heart to be as joyful, as it had been, sorrowful. This sensitive little creature was of so loving a nature, that he would be content to lie for hours on his father's study-table, or by his chair on the floor, if he could only see his face."

The mention of this reminds me of a pleasing little scene I accidentally witnessed some time since. I was walking, one summer morning, in a cross way—half street, half road—where there was a carpenter's shop erected, near which lay some trunks of trees, which only a short time before, had constituted the ornament of the lane. Seating myself upon one of them, I drew from my pocket a few tracts, intending to select one which I should judge most suitable to drop into the window of the workshop, the men having gone away for their dinner-hour. Presently I heard the sound of children's voices approaching, and, from round the corner, came a little group, headed by a girl some ten or twelve years old, who ran up to the timber. I soon found they had come there to play at some game; and as I continued reading and took no notice of them, they commenced operations without loss of time, their log being just in front of the one I occupied. The elder of the three girls carried a baby in her arms, which was evidently the fondled pet of the party. I confess it looked to me a mere bundle of dirty rags, with

nothing visible but a small insipid visage, by no means attractive. However, it was called "darling" and "little beauty," and kissed by each girl in succession—a small boy, who belonged to the group, coming in at last for his share of the treat. "Let me take her now," cried one of the girls. This proposal was negatived at first, but she persevered, and at length gained the point; for the bundle was transferred, with some apparent difficulty, to her arms. The rest then began the games, which seemed to be played with small pebbles. Just as preliminaries were arranged, the young nurse, who had been promenading her charge about, came and sat down in a favorable position for watching the game. At that instant the elder girl looked up, and exclaimed with energy, "Why, Marianne, if you haven't set that baby with her back this way. Turn her round this instant, I say; I can't play if I don't see her face!" I stayed long enough to see the request complied with, and as I was rising to go, heard a fond blessing pronounced on "those dear little eyes." "Love speaks sweet things," I thought. That would have been called a well-turned compliment, had it been uttered by a youthful admirer.

"One's own hearth is of more worth than gold," says Miss Bremer; and among its sweetest and best joys is the love that there springs up between the young. There the hearts of brothers become knit together in indissoluble bonds, which all the after struggles and cares of life can never wholly sever. The recollections of the hearth about which they played casts a spell around them, even in the hour of temporary estrangement, and do more than all beside to heal divisions. A pleasing anecdote was told me by a friend, who is himself a devoted lover of children, and one whose quick sympathy with them invariably wins their little hearts. He was one day calling on a lady of his acquaintance, who, in answer to his inquiries

after her children, said, "I must tell you what has just happened. Our dear eldest boy was not attentive to his lessons yesterday, and on being reproved by his father, spoke rudely. It was necessary to punish him, and he was seriously remonstrated with. A little reflection convinced him of his fault, and early in the morning he came and begged to be forgiven. His father gladly listened to his acknowledgement and regret, and with a joyful heart pronounced his forgiveness, which was sealed with a kiss. Our youngest little one, who is exceedingly fond of his brother, just at that moment ran up, and seeing the embrace, and entering with full heart into its meaning, lisped out, "Kiss him again, papa; kiss him again!" Dear little fellow! I found he had cried himself to sleep the night before, because his brother was in disgrace. I wish you could have seen the loving eagerness of his baby face, when he stretched out his arms, and drew close together his father's and his brother's cheek, kissing each in turn, for joy that they were reconciled."

This is a chapter for mothers alone, or such little incidents might seem too trifling to be recorded, but I do not think they will appear so to those for whom they are intended. The following touching narrative is of recent occurrence, and affords a very remarkable example of courage and heroism in a child.

A short time ago a terrible railway accident occurred in Canada. The train from Toronto was proceeding on its way to Hamilton, one afternoon in the month of March, carrying no fewer than ninety passengers. It had proceeded at its usual rate, when, just as it approached a lofty swing-bridge, across a canal, the engine ran over the line, and cutting through the timbers of the bridge, broke down the whole structure, which gave way with one frightful crash. Engine, tender, and cars, with their living freight, were instantly precipitated into the yawning abyss, some sixty feet below.

Numbers met with an immediate death; and of those who escaped alive, many were terribly injured. The scene that ensued baffles description; fires and torches blazed through the thick gloom, throwing their lurid light over the shattered remnants that lay, in piled-up ruins, at the bottom of the deep slope leading to the canal. Ropes were lowered and ladders fixed, upon which the dead and wounded were drawn up. The water was covered with ice, about two feet thick, and it was necessary to hew it away with axes, in order to extricate the cars. There were many who labored with vigor and energy; and up to a late hour next day, numbers of men were employed in breaking up the cars, and working with hooks and grapples to recover the bodies of the deceased from the water. Several corpses were carried to a small house, near the fatal bridge; among the rest a whole family—father, mother, and three children. One of the little ones, a girl of about four years, was smiling prettily, as if she had been sleeping, and dreaming of sweet things when the accident occurred, and had been launched into the long sleep of death before her dream had vanished from her mind.

A woman, who lived close by the scene of the disaster, and who was one of the first to witness it, gave an account of two children, who, in a marvelous manner, escaped destruction. At the first moment of alarm, she rushed down the hill to the cars; indeed, the poor creature literally rolled down, for the descent was so steep and slippery she could not keep her feet. The first object that met her attention when she scrambled up, was a little girl, about eight years of age, who stood shivering on a cake of ice. The good woman was about to lift her up, but she cried, "Oh! don't mind me; pray save my poor little brother;" and she pointed to him, standing at the moment, with his chin barely above the water, at the top of one of the windows, weeping bitterly,

and begging some one to come and drag him out. Though the ice was broken for some distance around the car, the woman managed to reach him, and having rescued him from his perilous situation, rushed up the hill, bearing him in her arms, and followed by one of the passengers, whom she got to carry the little girl on his back, though he was himself badly wounded.

I will add but a few words to this chapter. Does the mother keep in remembrance the innocent sayings of her young charge? Let her remember that there is, on their part, a similar tenacity of memory. Her words, as well as her actions, are carefully observed and weighed in their little minds; and many a thing she has spoken is laid up, as seed, to germinate there in after years. How powerful and abiding is the influence thus exerted? Not a tithe of the instances comes to the knowledge of those beyond the family circle; but now and then an example is recorded. Such a one occurs to me at this moment. A little boy was sitting on his mother's knees one day, when she was speaking, with an overflowing heart, of the great work of Christian missions to the heathen. She talked, in glowing language, of Elliot and Brainerd, and many others who had preached the gospel to the benighted idolators, and, filled with enthusiasm, she at length exclaimed, bending over the child she held in her lap, "I have consecrated this, my son, to the service of God as a missionary." The words made a lasting impression on his mind, and the first indication of true piety he ever gave was this remark (made in the winter of 1802), that "he could not imagine any way in which to spend his days that would prove so pleasant as to go and make known the gospel of Christ to the heathen." At that time he was nineteen years of age, and from that period his desire was to become a missionary. At length the wish became so ardent that he spoke of it to his parents, and sought their consent. His mother

said, "I can not bear to part with you my son." Then he repeated to her those words she had uttered in his hearing when a child. Her only reply was tears. She felt that she could not draw back and withhold her Samuel from the work of the Lord. The sacrifice was made, and he dedicated himself to the cause he loved. His earthly course was but a short one; but ere he died he had done much for the conversion of the world, and his mother's words had proved the seed of a rich harvest.

THE ECHO.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Where amid the opening flowers,
The light wing'd zephyrs strayed,
Beside a merry tinkling rill,
A little maiden played;
Where the brightest flowers grew wild,
Sweetly sang the happy child.

Now with rosy lips apart,
The little maiden stood,
List'ning as her merry notes,
Were echoed thro' the wood,
Half in wonder—half in fear,
To hear the echoes—silvery clear.

'Twas no fairy's voice my child,
Softly falling on the ear;
But thine own sweet, joyous notes,
Echoed in the green wood near:
The merry laugh—the silvery tone,
'Twas but the echo of thine own.

So methinks we ever are,
Waking echoes like the child;
And they ever come to us,
Silvery sweet—or harsh and wild!
The notes of love—or angry tone,
Are but the echoes of our own.

PEARL SEEDS.

Songs are sung in my mind
As pearls are form'd in the sea,—
Each thought, with thy name entwined,
Becomes a sweet song in me.

Dimly those pale pearls shine,
Hidden under the sea,—
Vague are those songs of mine,
So deeply they lie in me.

"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT AND THE DAY IS AT HAND."

ANOTHER application than that made by the Apostle, of these words of holy writ, I think can with propriety be made in regard to our present theme:—The proper cultivation of the mind of woman. We hail with inexpressible pleasure the dawn of the glorious era when the night of ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, shall disappear. The day destined to drive far away the night which has so long enthralled, but vainly endeavored to extinguish that immortal principle—The mind of woman, is at hand. Then woman arise! Since thy Redeemer was made of woman, and since God designed thee to be the preserver and teacher of thy offspring through infancy and childhood, how important that thou should'st understand thy mission, and realize the responsibility of thy station—and that thou become truly qualified for the faithful discharge of those important duties which devolve upon *thee*, in all the relations of life. That thou mayest, by thy well-directed powers, impart such instruction, implant such principles, and set such examples as shall be salutary in their united influence, in elevating the minds of those God has given thee in charge, to their proper dignity,—to the highest standard of moral excellency.

And, by thy kind care, sympathy, and love,—which sweeten the cup of life,—render thy home the most desirable and attractive spot on earth to thy children. Truly *endearing*—a place where the affections of the heart will delight to cluster, and where reciprocal little kindnesses will lighten the burden of earthly care, rendering thy sky serene and beautiful, while we study to exhibit in our daily life, that which we wish to see exemplified in the life and conduct of our children. O, those beauteous buds of promise—let not the flower and the fruit be blighted for any lack on thy part,

O, mother! Let not the tender scions of thy heart, yearn for the sunshine of thy *love*. Let nothing dim the purity and luster of this heavenly, life-giving principle—bind closely to thy heart this treasure,—so shall the stern realities of life be softened and tempered by its genial influences, and its delicate and delicious fragrance, comfort and delight the soul. Most truly has it been said, that our life is made up of trifles. Be it even so, and truly has it been said too, that “It is but the littleness of a mind that perceives not a beauty and greatness even in trifles.” The vast ocean is composed of drops, and the lofty, towering mountain is made up of *atoms*. So, oft repeated kindnesses—little streams of *love* will make, and at length fill up, a reservoir of happiness. Says Boswell (the interesting biographer of Dr. Johnson), “As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart overflow.” I would here digress a moment from my theme, to say a word to the husband and the father, by adopting the sentiment of an accomplished writer, Miss Lucy Aiken—“The more faithfully he cherishes his wife, and educates his daughters, the happier and better will he be through life, and at his dying hour.” And we would add, let him not forget how much woman needs, “the kindly tone, and word of cheer, in her daily toil and labor of love.” Therefore,

“Be gentle; for the noblest hearts
At times must have some grief:
And even in a pettish word,
May seek to find relief.
Be gentle, none are perfect here,
Thou’rt dearer far than life,—
Then husband bear, and still forbear;
Be gentle to thy wife.”

The tokens of love and regard which flow from the heart, will reach the heart, and produce a pleasure and satisfaction, which the pageantry, pomp, and luxury of a palace would fail to do. We were formed for, and are dependant upon, each other. Acting upon this principle, you will find your

own hearts joyful,—mutual love and kindness diffuse their blessed influence around,—making a little heaven below. Then woman! let the aspirations of thy mind be worthy of thyself, and such as God will bless. Cast aside the mantle of mental twilight which obscures the nobler faculties of the soul, and “put on the whole armor of light.” Let thy light shine, and thy pathway will become brighter and brighter. Shake off the shackles with which superfluous fashions and customs have enthralled thee, and rise to the dignity of the true woman,—and acquit thyself with honor in the sphere which thy Creator designed thee to fill,—and let the influences thrown around by thy example and teaching be happy and salutary, spreading far and wide, cheering, enlightening, elevating and beautifying the mind, that succeeding generations may rise up and call thee blessed. Again: Let no undue attention be given to things of trifling importance, which (to use the words of a gifted lady), “will cause intellectual barrenness,—clip the *wings* of the *soul*, that it can reach no flight beyond.” And there are others who would address us in the same language, whose very names are like sun-gleams, and whose writings are replete, not with fabulous and absurd legends, or enthusiastical reveries, but with instruction and beauty, decking with lustrous gems, our literary galaxy; of whom are: Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Willard, Hannah More, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Dana, Anna Jamison, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Barbauld, the Cary’s, Sarah J. Hale, Harriet Newell, Emily C. Judson, first known to the public by her *nomme de plume* of “Fanny Forrester;” and there are numerous others of like noble mind—whose names are fondly remembered,—names written in the Book of Life (we trust) above. Again: let us cultivate a love for reading; and devote a portion of our precious, fleeting time each day to useful reading; even though it be but a small portion, yet the information

thereby gained, will be of vast importance to the *careful reader*, who can make

"The silent volume, thy waiting slave,
Thy unbending teacher,"—and thy friend.
"It will praise thy good without envy,
And chide thy evil, without malice."

How great and grand a privilege, to have—

"The sayings of the good and wise,
In ancient and modern books enrolled,"

and placed within our reach. We may well with pleasure exclaim with the poet of ancient times—

"O, blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live in all:
By you we do confer with those now gone,
And the dead-living into council call."

In a word, let us cultivate and nourish those gifts which a merciful Creator has kindly bestowed upon us: having our hearts open to the just appreciation of all that is beautiful, good, and lovely, above and around us. The great book of nature, which the Creator has laid open before us, filled with grandeur, beauties, sublimities, and mysterious truths, we may daily peruse and contemplate: a single glance at which is sufficient to make the writer exclaim, with the sweet singer of Israel, "O, Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all." If we have a taste for the sublime, the beautiful and grand, we shall take pleasure in investigating, and learn to admire the wisdom, power, and goodness of the great Creator, displayed in every one of them. There is a majesty and greatness in all his works; even—

From the spear of grass, the tiny flower,
And beauteous shrub, to the stately tree; from
The pearly dew-drop, climbing from stem to petal,
And soon exhaled,—the silvery sparkling rill,
Softly murmuring through emerald meadows,
And bright fields of waving, golden grain,
Ripe from the harvests—through fresh pastures,
Sprinkled o'er with flocks and herds
Slowly straying here and there to crop
The herbage green; or bending low beside the
Purling stream to slake their thirst.
Or if we list awhile to bold Niagara's
Dashing roar—or contemplate the noble Amazon,
The old Atlantic's heaving main, the
Wild Pacific's golden shore, or frozen zone,
The verdant mead, the flowery lawn, and valley
green,
The grand old woods, where oft in childhood hour
We've loved to stray,—the terraced hill-side,
The towering snow-capp'd Alps, or Appenines—
Old Etna's rugged side, and upheaving, fiery cone.
The starry firmament, and worlds innumerable

In illimitable space, all—all proclaim the
Deity,—all speak his praise. Then let us join
This universal choir—to laud His name.

But when we contemplate his revealed will, the book of His eternal truth, there we behold the fullest displays of all his harmonious attributes. May we adhere to its precepts, obey its commands; make it our beloved rule of duty, our standard of excellence, and the guide of our lives. And while we contemplate the beauties and truths of nature and of grace, may our souls be elevated above this terrestrial scene, and rise, as on eagle's wings, in holy adoration, gratitude and love, to the great Author of our being—the giver of all good,—who alone is worthy of our best affections, our greatest gratitude, and highest adoration—all are too little to praise Him worthily. As we are aware that our seasons of usefulness will ere long be past, let us endeavor to redeem the time that has been lost, by increasing diligence and faithfulness; and whatever our hands find to do—do it with our might, and to the best of our ability.

"Aye, be of good courage,
Faint not in the race,
Press onward and upward,
More speed to thy pace.
Press on—and thy sun
On the morrow shall rise,
And thy prize of high calling
Shine bright in the skies."

Then may our hearts ever be open to the cry of sorrow, filled with sympathy for the afflicted and oppressed; open to recognise with gratitude, the mercies and blessings so profusely scattered along our pathway; and our tongues and hands ever ready to impart and perform that, which will benefit those around us; that we be not "weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

"The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of heaven."

We may possess wealth, splendid abilities, and extensive learning; yet without this active and divine principle, which prompts to deeds of kindness and benevolence, to the fulfilling of the golden rule, and to praise our Creator, we are like "sounding

brass and tinkling cymbal." But if we do, in some degree, possess this treasure, may it grow up to maturity and flourish abundantly. No encomiums or illustrations can sufficiently display the excellency of this heavenly principle. In the proper exercise of it, human happiness is commenced on earth—and may we not add, will be perfected in heaven. Says an eminent divine, "It is the offspring of gratitude, the elevation of the soul—the antepast of heaven; its own reward in this world, and an introduction to the felicities of the next." Let us then ever pursue the path of duty, which alone is the path of safety; "keep on the etherial, heavenward side of all things," and laying hold of this cheering promise, "that as thy day, thy strength shall be,"

Press on! for it is Godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought,
Bending a pinion upward to the sky,
And in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on! for in the grave there is no work,
And no device! Press on! while yet you may."

Finally—in the words of Lord Bacon,—“May we all enjoy the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves become better.” J. E. C. HADLEY.

LITTLE ELSIE.

BY JOSEPHINE D. CARSLY.

Heard you ever of our Elsie,
Tiny wanderer from the skies?
Elsie with the sunny ringlets,
Elsie with the starry eyes,
And a brow so strangely fair?
With a voice like wild-bird music,
And a step so light and airy!
Gentle, 'witching little fairy,—
Roguish, romping, bright-eyed Elsie,—
Elsie with the golden hair!

Every body used to love her,
Though they told us with a sigh,
That our Elsie soon would leave us,
God would call her—she would die!
Could we lose a flower so rare!
Each day—each hour we saw her fading,—
Saw her blue eyes grow less bright,
(Though what they lost of *earthly* beauty,
They gain'd tenfold in *angel light*!)
Still we hoped that God would never
Our belov'd one from us sever:

"*Spare her!*" was our daily prayer.
All in vain! we lost our Elsie,—
Lost our cherished baby, Elsie,—
Elsie with the golden hair!

Just one year ago she left us,
On a warm, bright summer day;
With the trembling, dying sunbeams,
Elsie's spirit pass'd away.
Ah! my heart was breaking—breaking,
And the tears fell thick and fast,
When I saw the dark death shadow
Over Elsie's features cast.
"God!" I murmur'd in my woe,
"Must my child—my Elsie go?
Must I lose this precious treasure,
Elsie, whom I worship so?"
Elsie's eyes of darkest azure,
Upward glanced, with look so mild,
And the purpling lips, half parted,
With Death so near them, sweetly smiled.
And my throbbing heart's deep anguish,
Again burst forth in accents wild:
"Oh! I cannot lose thee, Elsie!
God!—in mercy,—spare my child!
Leave me Elsie, only Elsie,
All, all else I have, is *Thine!*"
Elsie, with the last life-motion,
Placed her soft white hand in mine,
Lowly whisp'ring, "Don't, don't cry!
See you not the angels, mother,
Ever pointing to the sky,
Telling me that I must die?
Oh! I know I'll be so happy,
Where Jesus and the angels are!
Yet I'll miss you,—miss *you*, mother;
Won't you come, and meet me there?"
Hush'd, I listened to the murmur
Of that voice, so saintly meek,
Till my own rent soul responded,
"God, Thou hast the victory won!
FATHER, oh! my heart is willing,
But the flesh, the flesh is weak;
Teach me, FATHER, how to bear it,
Help me say, '*Thy will be done!*'"

Calm as sinking to repose,
Did those tiny eye-lids close.
Earth was lost, and Heaven won!
True, there lay the beauteous casket,
But the *gem*—the *gem* was gone!

The sun's last lingering, golden glow,
Fell quivering, o'er her pale, pale brow.
Giving it that crown of glory
The child Jesus used to wear.
Thus she died: our sweet pet, Elsie,—
Elsie with the golden hair.

Fold the dimpled hands so softly,
Raise that darling little head,—
Kiss the snow-white, blue-vein'd forehead,
And those pale lips, *once* so red;
Smooth, from the brow so icy cold,
Those clustering curls of "pearly gold!"
Now lay her in the coffin, there!

* * * * *

Yonder, where the flowers are springing,
Where the birds are blithely singing,
Where you see a small green mound,
Rising from the grassy ground,
Sleeps our heavenly, saint-like Elsie,—
Elsie with the golden hair!

Only five short years she linger'd;
She was far too *pure* for earth!
Far too beautiful—too holy!
Angels claim'd her from her birth.
Freed from earth, and earthly care,
Wanders she through "fields elysian!"
Far above us—there in Heaven—
Dwells our little cherub, Elsie!
Darling, blue-eyed, angel Elsie,—
Elsie with the golden hair.

WRECKED.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE sun is red and bright,
And the sky is fair and blue—
A fall of gleaming light
Shuts off the western view,
Where the proud hills lift up
Their architraves of gold,
And hold, as in a giant cup,
Plain, meadow-land, and wold.

But something is amiss;
A grief without a name—
The winds that come my brow to kiss,
Shrink backward at the flame!
The flame that lives and burns
Within this heart of clay,
That leaps and shrieks, and yearns
To reach the brighter day.

Wrecked on the cold grey sands,
Where wild waves pitiless,
Reach up their death white hands,
My trembling ones to press!
Dead hope, ghost of the Past,
Beckons me out to sea;
My weary lot is cast—
Wrecked on the lee.

APPEARANCES.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

It is not by an outward show,
To judge where sorrows first begin,
An old thatched cot, for aught we know,
May have a "banquet hall" within.

How true this rule will oft apply
To some, who fill life's lowly part,—
Their look and acts, may pain desery
And Joy be seated in each heart.

SYMPATHY.

BY ALICE CARY.

NAY, leave me to my own sad heart—
To memory's more than midnight shade;
I seem to-day to stand apart
From everything that God has made.

I cannot echo back your sighs,
Nor can your smiling overfall
That space so deep and wide that lies
"Twixt friends and lovers—that is all.

Forgive me, if your kind advance
Of sympathy I thus dismiss;
That word has no significance—
No solace, in an hour like this.

The past with its tumultuous storms
Of sin and sorrow, wildly driven,
Has closed about me till my arms
Can reach no way but up toward Heaven.

And only Heaven the power can grant
To steady my weak soul, so long
Left turning like a water-plant
Betwixt the waves of right and wrong.

So leave me to myself, I pray,
Nor seek to give me sigh for sigh,
The sunshine cannot warm to-day
The clouds that lower along my sky.

DRAWING WATER.

BY PHEBE CARY.

I HAD drunk, with lips unsated, where the
fountains of pleasure burst;
I had hewn out broken cisterns, and they
mocked my spirit's thirst;
And I said, "Life is a desert spot, and meas-
ureless and dry,
And God will not give me water, though I
pray, and faint, and die."

Spoke there then a friend and brother: "Rise,
and roll the stone away.
There are wells of water hidden in thy path-
way every day."
Then I said my heart was sinful, very sinful
was my speech,
"All the wells of God's salvation are too
deep for me to reach."

And he answered, "Rise and labor, doubt
and idleness is death;
Shape thee out a goodly vessel with the
strong hands of thy faith."
So I wrought and shaped the vessel, then bent
lowly, kneeling there,
And I drew up living water with the golden
chain of prayer.

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER X.

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates;
Ye doors be lifted high;
The King of glory shall come in,
With all his company.

"Who is the King of glory—who,
That would come in to reign?"
The Lord, the Lord, the mighty God,
With his attending train.

All flowing like a robe of light,
The raiment white they wear,
In graceful folds across the breast,
Clasped with the morning star.

SERRENN A BALDWIN.

TWO or three days after her rather dramatic exit from the house of the Livingstones', Eleanor Strong returned to ask for the money due her, which, in the events of the evening, had been thought nothing of. If she had not needed it so pressingly, she would not have gone back, after what had transpired; but she could not afford, for any delicacy of feeling, to lose the two and a half dollars due her for a week's work. The mansion had a deserted air about it; after ringing the bell several times she received no response, and was obliged to come to the conclusion that the house was shut up. She went again the next day, and found it still deserted. It was with a heavy step that she turned away, for she had no money—none—and no work; neither any prospect of work. There were hundreds, like herself, eagerly catching at the slenderest show of employment. As she walked along, she constantly passed men, women, and children, each trying to make a few pennies a day, by the sale of some little articles which they had manufactured, or some small stock of tape, needles, thread, and pins. Once she had had a situation as saleswoman in a store. She had not liked the associations, nor the words and looks she often received; but now she wished for another such opportunity; yet knew it was in vain to hope. Experienced girls, already in their employers' good-will, had been turned

away. It was of no use either, to walk from one end of Broadway to the other, and up and down Canal and Division streets; not one person would be found to give her work; every day they were solicited by dozens whom they were obliged to refuse. She remembered, with a shudder, a mantilla-maker whom she had met several times at a store where she had worked, whom, she heard, had gone home to her chamber and committed suicide, upon being dismissed from her place, with fifty other girls, in a large establishment. "She put herself out of the way of temptation," muttered Eleanor. "As for me, I am not at liberty to please myself even in that matter; my mother and little Constance hold me to them. If we must needs starve, it shall be in company."

She passed a church. Hearing the sound of singing within, she paused. She had nothing to do—therefore time was not precious; she was in no hurry to communicate her bad tidings to her mother. It was a costly and imposing church; her garments were plain, and worn; a sudden impulse caused her to disregard this: she wanted to see what the good people could be praying about in a city where the pangs of hunger were preying upon the vitals of many little children.

The Great Revival had been rising, and rising, rapidly and steadily, like a lake into which a thousand torrents flow. It had submerged the cellars of the poor, and flooded the saloons of the rich. But few entirely resisted or withstood its influence; silently, almost, it was as different from the usual extravagance and noise of those religious spring-tides; it sapped the foundations of men's indifference, and they were borne, with the flood, to the foot of the throne of God. "Ris-

ing unobserved," says a religious paper of the city, "in the midst of busy crowds of men hurrying to and fro upon their business, but many of whom here tarried an hour, or half an hour, or even only a few minutes, it made its deep, but powerful impress on their hearts, and the church felt it. The world felt it. Their families felt it. The merchant would meet the carman, and the business men would spy a clerk or an apprentice in some distant part of the house; and the counting-room and the work-shop felt it. But it was not violent or extravagant. *It was the flowing of the gentle stream that makes glad the city of our God.* It was not the result of extraordinary labors on the part of the ministry. It was the answer of deep, earnest, effectual prayer."

The many who had faith in it as a great outpouring of the spirit of God upon a regenerating world, looked upon it with exulting joy. It might be said of it, by them, as was said of the preaching of Whitefield, a century earlier: "He was sent by the love of God for an everlasting blessing. The power of God was with him, as it had never been known before. One sermon was attended by twenty thousand hearers, and converts were everywhere multiplied as the dew-drops of the morning. Licentious men fell under the unexpected power, and soon rejoiced in the grace and glory of God. They fled to Christ; they detested their former courses; they delighted in prayer and praise; they were tender in their hearts; they labored to be holy; they studied to please God; they wanted to promote his kingdom in all about them."

Eleanor entered the church, which was crowded to repletion, and stood among many others who were unable to find seats. A young man stood up, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and desired to be prayed for. He was prayed for, amid sobs from many of the audience. A white-haired old gentleman spoke of the goodness of God in granting such a

manifestation of His mercy in this, our day and generation. This year should be set up as a finger-post, pointing to the millenium, which could not be far away, when the avenues to the church were thus blocked up with eager travelers. Then the congregation united in a burst of tuneful praise. When the hymn had ceased, a mother, trembling with emotion, leaning upon the back of the pew before her, asked the petitions of the faithful for a son, who was hurrying her gray hairs, with sorrow to the grave. Earnest prayers arose. Then a sailor stood up, and confessed the hardness of his heart and the wickedness of his past ways,—but that his heart had been melted like the froth of the sea, and the devil, which had pursued him like a hungry shark, was scared away—glory be to God!—and his shouts and cries of ecstasy were responded to with amens. Another hymn was sung; and then came in a telegraph that a crowded meeting in a church of a neighboring city, would, in five minutes from that time, join them in prayers for the advance of the good cause. An excited convert shouted "Hallelujah!" "Praise be to the Lord of Hosts!" responded a minister. "Leave not one—leave not one untouched by the dew of Thy grace," said another. "As the trees of the forest are bowed by a whirlwind, oh Lord, bring all stubborn hearts to fall before Thee! sweep us from the feet of our unbelief! Whirl us in the vortex of despair; cast us upon the ground of humility, that we may be finally lifted up to flourish in the sunshine of Thy mercy."

"I have prayed," murmured Eleanor to herself, "and I have not been answered. For years, my life was a long prayer of the soul; in my greatest troubles I had faith in the ultimate goodness of the afflicting hand; I tried to do my duty as it was set, however hard. But I have become bewildered. Worse instead of better is my portion. The ear of civilization, aye, of Christianity, has become to me as a great

Juggernaut, moving along over the bodies of its victims. It bears aloft a multitude in shining triumph; but it must make its way over the hearts of the oppressed. Oh, I feel it bearing down upon me and mine! What care I for this lofty church and this self-righteous multitude, since I must go home and tell my sick mother that I have neither money or work? The God of these people is not the God of the poor. I will get out of this; I feel oppressed—I feel—terribly.”

She wiped the perspiration from her forehead, and turned to go out. Near her was a man, shaking as with an ague-fit. His head was bowed to the railing before him; and he made occasional fervent ejaculations. With a feeling of disgust, she perceived that it was Jacob Reynard.

“The miserable hypocrite! The devil is tormenting him with the memory of some of his sins, and he is afraid. The mean are always cowardly.” So thought the girl as she passed him, and made her way out into the street. It was cold, and growing still more frightfully so. The air was as sharp as an invisible knife, hacking at her face, and cutting off her breath. She had no furs to keep the chill from her breast.

As she held her shawl close around her, she passed a woman whom she knew for a courtesan by her face and manner. Her velvet dress, with its heavy flounces, her rich fur cape, her muff, looked very comfortable, as well as costly.

“It is only vice which flourishes in this world,” thought Eleanor, as her piercing gaze answered back the bold stare of the other. “The bosoms of harlots are covered from the cold, while mine is stung as with arrows.”

With lip and brow contracted into almost fierce severity, she faced the wind as if it were a conscious enemy. She was forgetting, in her many and long endurances, that the prosperity of the wicked is but for a day, and the reward of virtue, everlasting riches. She was measuring the wis-

dom of God by the scales of time, when it was to be proven only by eternity. Let her not be judged harshly, any more than the accused upon the rack, who, in the exquisite torture which he suffers, gives testimony to a lie.

“Did you buy [me any shoes, auntie?” asked little Constance, as she arrived home in the middle of the afternoon, hungry and half frozen.

“Do not ask any questions until your auntie has warmed herself,” said Mrs. Strong. “Come to the fire, Eleanor. How very cold you are. I didn’t dare to make a very large fire, for fear that we would be without any before this cold spell is over.”

“This will do, mother, if you can keep comfortable by it. We cannot be too prudent. The family have left their house, apparently, for no one was at home to-day. So I brought back no money.”

“I hope we shall not any of us be sick, my dear, while these hard times press us. Sickness is the great thing to be dreaded. I’m so thankful that I escaped from that last attack of neuralgia without being prostrated.”

“This intensely cold weather, and our limited supply of coal does not promise well for your future attacks, mother. But never fear. You shall not suffer. There are many things I can do, yet.”

Eleanor said this without any idea of what the things were; she only thought to comfort her mother.

“You did not bring me any shoes, then?” asked Constance, sadly.

“No, my little bird, I didn’t bring you any to-day. But I will make you some nice cloth ones, that will be pretty to wear in the house. I’ve got a piece of cloth; and I think now that I shall have time to embroider them with some of that Berlin wool in my box.”

“Will you stay at home in the day time, when I am up, and work them?” asked the child, eagerly. “I am so glad aunt Eleanor, for grandmother and I get lonely; and I have to go to

bed so soon after you get home, and sometimes before."

Her seven years of growth did not prevent her climbing into Eleanor's lap, and leaning her head against a tenderly-loving breast. She was the only niece and grand-child in the family, a slender thing, fair as a lily, with golden locks, and soft, blue eyes. She was very much like her mother. Who was her mother—and where?

We have gleaned from Eleanor's diary that she had a married sister, who was left a widow, with one little girl. This sister, being extremely beautiful, had married at the age of seventeen, and while the family were in rather better circumstances than at present; though an intemperate father had already made them taste of privation. A merchant from an interior town, while in the city purchasing goods, had met her at the house of a mutual friend; and became immediately enamored of the lovely young creature, as pure and graceful as any flower of the morning. He had pursued the acquaintance: and at a subsequent visit, had borne her away with him, a happy young bride, charmed to be loved and petted, charmed to be admired and dressed. For four years, during which time her mother and sisters were struggling with poverty, she had reigned the mistress of a comfortable, though not magnificent home, often sending from her abundance what ameliorated the hardships of her relatives. Her husband died. She knew nothing of his business, except that he had a partner whom she did not like. An administrator was appointed—lawyers set to work to eat up the property and devour widows' houses, as usual in such cases. She received a portion of the sum allotted for her year's maintenance, and went home to her mother with her sweet little daughter. The year passed around—the business had been "settled"—there was nothing left for the wife of the deceased. The business had been much involved, the partner said, and come to "settle

it up," he regretted to find that his friend and partner had left nothing. She employed a lawyer, but he could not sift out the villiany of the matter; indeed, he was rather negligent, for there was nothing to pay fees with, and it would not pay to trouble himself.

So the widow and mother of twenty-two years, was obliged to put aside the seclusion of her grief, and seek that difficult "something to get a living,"—difficult for women more especially, and for a woman with a child, most especially. She went back to her husband's native town; her old friends were glad to see her, but could advise her to nothing in particular. Of course, she was obliged to turn to school teaching. She was too delicate to earn a living for two by the needle.

We know not, if the spirit of the departed was cognizant of the wrongs and neglect which his friends lavished upon the inexperienced and timid woman, the cold condolence, the reluctant aid,—if it ever visited, to torment, the solitary hours of the man who had robbed her of the results of *his* years of toil. It was easier to desire a school than to procure one. There were no vacant situations in the village. Finally, the young widow tried the country. After some weeks of expectancy, she obtained the charge of a small country school, at ten dollars a month, and "board round." She took it, keeping her little girl, now four years old, with her.

Tell me, happy married women, who look around upon your beautiful homes with a sigh of comfort, and fly with your children, at the close of day, to welcome and caress their fathers,—tell me, do you know a sublimer instance of courage and fortitude, than the conduct of this widowed school-mistress? She had a home as bright as yours, and a husband who adored her and her child. Mark the contrast now. Rising to breakfast, with coarse people, on fried pork and potatoes; after the meal, she took

her little one by the hand, and walked along the dusty highway one, two, three, or four miles, as the case might be, to a little school-room, where for six hours she taught their letters to a crowd of dull and half-savage children, her own weary child confined as closely as she to the monotonous routine. Then she took the little one again by the hand, and retraced their tiresome journey, encouraging its flagging steps, till the farm-house which was her abode for the week, was reached. Here there was one room, one basin, one towel for all; and again the uninviting meal; the evening passed without books, without society, without recreation; only the frogs croaking in the lonely darkness, and the tree-toads chirping nearer by; then to bed, not unfrequently in the same apartment with several others. This was the support which the "existing state of things," dealt out to the young wife of a well-to-do merchant, who died and left her to its tender mercies.

Many times the bitter tears blinded her, when Constance would say, during their weary walks, "Oh, mamma, my feet aches so! I am so tired—but you shall not carry me, mamma, for you are as tired as me. Are we going to live here always, mamma? I wish papa would come back and take us home again."

Sometimes the mother felt as if the heavens must certainly open, and the yearning arms of the departed father reach down, and snatch his tenderly nurtured child from her hardships. And still she toiled, nor dared to ask herself if this was all of life that was left to her. Only twenty-two, and this the end of the hopes of youth! Beautiful and brave martyr! there is a crown of amaranths now upon her pure and undefiled brow; her peerless beauty has faded in the grave, and her child is with those who love it with aching hearts, much for its own, more for its mother's sake.

"My shoes will be very pretty, won't they? almost like those I saw

in the window that day, when you took me down Broadway."

"Yes, darling, I mean to make them almost as pretty as those. And now, Constance, what shall we have for supper?"

"Oh, I don't know. Play I'm company, and have something nice."

"A very wise suggestion upon your part," laughed her grandmother.

"We will be a little extravagant to-night, and have milk-toast," said Eleanor. "Take this five-cent piece, and run down to the corner for the milk, while I toast the bread."

"That *will* be having something nice, auntie!"

"Run as fast as you can without falling, for it's cold as Greenland."

Eleanor spread the table with as much care as if there were silver and china upon it. Her mother was too much of an invalid, and had once lived too delicately, ever to accustom herself to the coarse food of the poor. No matter how little they had, they made the best of it that good cooking and care could do; and when her mother's appetite rejected what they had, many, many times had Eleanor deprived herself of promised necessities, to purchase a few berries, a little fruit, a chicken, or something suited to the condition of the invalid. To this the parent objected, when she could, for she was a Spartan in endurance, as well as a woman in devotion. The one great sorrow of Eleanor's life was, that she could not restore her mother to health and comfort.

Toasting the bread removed the lingering chillness from the young girl's hands and feet. When the three sat down to their supper, she had regained the cheerfulness which she made it a matter of duty to assume at home, whether she felt it or not.

"We will let the morrow take care of itself," she said.

"So let us do; since it will be no fault of ours if we are not provided for. When we have done what *we* can, then we must leave the rest to Him who feeds the ravens."

"How fine the country must be, covered with snow, unstained by the filth of the city. Whew! how the wind must whistle around country-homes to-night, and the fires roar in the great fire-places! It's very tantalizing to read about the hickory logs, the pitcher of cider and dish of apples, the walnuts, the rollicking boys and laughing girls, when one is never to realize them."

"I don't like the country; one has to go to school, and walk so far in it, and eat so much fried potatoes!" responded Constance.

"You happened to get in a poor part of the country, dear. Some farmers live on the fat of the land."

"I know it's the fat, and I don't like it," earnestly replied the child.

Just then there came a knock. Wondering who should visit them, Eleanor arose and opened the door, and saw the occupant of the rooms opposite theirs, at the end of the hall. He was an artist, an Italian, who painted frescoes, and with whom she had often spoken. He was tall, and black-eyed; but to-night he looked unusually tall and gaunt, so much so as to startle her.

"Will you lend me a piece of bread; I will repay it," he said. She brought the remainder of the loaf they had been cutting from, and gave him. "When I want it back, I will ask for it," she replied. Her hand touched his, as he grasped it.

"You are very cold," said she, "icy cold. Can it be that you have no fire such a day as this?"

"I have had neither food nor fire since yesterday noon. My little boy has been out all this freezing day,—try to sell images; he sell not one. He come back almost dead, and is crying now."

"Bring him in here, until he is warmed;" and the girl, herself, ran across the passage, and seized the poor little fellow by the arm.

"We will intrude!" murmured the Italian.

"No, you won't," exclaimed Eleanor.

"Our fire is small, but we are glad to share it."

She established the two as near the grate as she could get them. They were gnawing at the bread she had given them. She poured some hot water upon the grounds of the tea, added milk and sugar, and gave them to drink. The warm beverage, weak as it was, aided in restoring their almost perished vitality. Mrs. Strong oiled the boy's cracked and bleeding hands, while Constance hung near, gazing with childish curiosity upon her unwonted visitor. The great, dark eyes of the Italian boy, lustrous and melancholy, dwelt with timid admiration upon her golden hair and delicate complexion.

"You shall sit here until it is your bedtime," said Mrs. Strong, kindly, to the little fellow. "Then you can keep warm in bed."

"I wish he were back in his own land," said his father, his heart opening in confidence to his entertainers. "So bleak, so cold here for him—and not much better to do. We get along very well till the winter; now, I know not if we die."

The Italian was quite intelligent, and Eleanor had a pleasant talk with him. She asked a hundred questions about his beloved country, which he was delighted to answer. After sitting an hour or two, the visitors rose to go.

"I will give you a roasted potato for your breakfast, if you will send in for it when it is done; and then you must go to some of the Relief Societies, and make your situation known," said Mrs. Strong, as they departed, eloquently thanking her for her hospitality.

"We feel quite rich, since we can afford to do a good deed," laughed Eleanor, when they were gone. "Come now, Constance, let us choose the pattern for your shoes, and then you must retire"

The following evening, the Italian called at the door to say that he had been so fortunate as to secure a piece of work in a new mansion on one of

the avenues, and he hoped now, that the worst of the winter was over for him.. Eleanor had not been so fortunate. Alarmed at the low state of their purse and larder, she had been out seeking employment among ladies for whom she had previously worked, but they all had as much help as they required. She went to Mrs. Stanley, where she had been employed as day-governess, to inquire if she knew of any one who would give her employment as a teacher. The lady knew of no one.

It was the same story over and over for the next three weeks. In that time they were reduced to a very low degree. It had come to a question of starvation, or disposing of something which they could spare. Eleanor's books? They were dear to her as bread, almost, and she knew not who would take them from her, should she offer them. While cooking their last dinner, and mentally discussing the matter, the postman called. She gave two pennies which she had in her pocket for the letter. It was from her sister Rosamund, and upon opening it a five-dollar bill fell out.

"Did I not tell you?" cried her mother. "God opens a path in the roughest places. He has come to our rescue many times."

"I do not see how she could spare it."

"Read her letter, my dear, before we think of any thing else."

"MY DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTER:—I find, upon paying my board, that I have a little over every week—just a dollar a week. I had saved up five dollars, and was going to buy me a bonnet, but some presentiment told me that you were in trouble. I had your letters saying that Eleanor had lost her situation as governess; and the times are so pressing, it may be that she will find it difficult to obtain another. Thinking it over, I concluded to defer the bonnet until some other time. I am ashamed of the smallness of the remittance, when I had hoped—but it is the 'widow's mite'—all I have—and as such you must receive it. I pay eighteen dollars a month for my board, and occupy a room with a servant-girl and small boy. Still, I will not murmur, though

you may know it is not much to my fastidious taste. I am thankful that I am not turned upon the street in this great city. I may yet be, if sickness or calamity befall me, for I am not able to lay up money against a rainy day. I feel very lonely here. I am a stranger amid strangers; without a single acquaintance outside of my boarding-house and school, and with those I have only business relations. My term will close in ten weeks, and if I save every penny until then, it will be barely enough to take me to some other place; and I much desire to get nearer home and in a more northern city. I have written to . . . and to . . . , but get no answer as yet. What shall I do? please advise me. I know that Providence will take care of me. As long as I have my health I can be in no worse straits than I have been; I sometimes wonder at my own indifference to fate. But oh! I have the heartache so much and so wearily. I have no books to read; no intelligent people to talk with; nothing to pass away time. I never go out, except to my school and back. The most I care for, in living in this manner, is the *waste of my best years*; they are flying, and the pleasures which should belong to them are untasted. They are like the child who never saw a flower. I try to keep myself, but I am afraid of losing *myself*, sometime, if life keeps on so. God must have some purpose in it beyond my comprehension, and I try to be content. Oh, that I could have a home, books, and the thousand little comforts that make life worth living! Forgive me, I will not complain. Only let me say, 'Oh, that I could once more rest my head upon my dear mother's bosom, and have a good, long, hearty cry!' It would do me so much good. My health is tolerable. I have not much appetite, and am troubled a little with a pain in my chest—nothing serious. Do write me long, frequent letters, and let me know every most trifling particular of your daily lives—it's *such* a comfort. Love to Constance. I send you twenty kisses to divide around. Your ROSAMUND."

"The Flora McFlimseys of Madison Square would sneer at the idea of my sister's pining for 'books and intelligent society,' or 'the thousand comforts that make life worth living.' Has not she bread and butter and a place to sleep—no matter if it be with a servant and a small boy? Poor people mustn't be particular! And if I should go out and preach at the street-corners that something ought to be done to give women a freer chance to take care of themselves, the cry and hootings of 'Woman's

Rights' would put me down. Not the Floras only, but the modest and quiet domestic women, very happy in their well-protected homes, would stare at me, and protest in indignation that *they* had all the rights they wanted. Yes, they are the pets of the men, for the time being—but let the widows and orphans speak. I do not forget my dead sister—nor that the plunderer of her inheritance is flourishing and esteemed in the world, a 'respected fellow-citizen.' I do not forget the 'protection' which the honor and gallantry of manhood offers to the poor girl who is working for three or four shillings a day. I have been offered such protection more than once. Shut us off; hem us in; drive us like slaves; starve us down; divide no spoils with us; growl at us if we would catch at any stray bone dropped by the hand of Fortune; insult us; tempt us; madden us—what matter? don't let us be so indelicate as to ask for liberty from such servitude! don't permit us to be so immodest as to demand an independence which would raise us above your honorable offers of a 'protection' so satisfactory. Supposing my fair, young sister should be thrown penniless upon the streets of St. Louis, after having worked her life out to keep from such danger, what can I hope would be the rights to which she would be entitled?"

Thus spoke Eleanor, and her mother answered,

"God knows that you could not make the truth so bad as it is, if you should try. I know that I am a woman of great executive energy, and undoubted courage and industry; if I had been a man, I should have been rich, and my children happy and honored. But I have not been able to surmount the difficulties which custom throws in the way of the mother of a family, who would exert herself to provide for it; I have retreated, with broken-down health, leaving my dear ones to fight the same unsuccessful battle after me. I have gone the whole range—

keeping boarders, bleaching bonnets, making pantaloons, taking in washing! Since no business suited to my position and abilities was open to me, I have resolutely done whatever came to hand, and here I am, the wreck which you see me. Still, Eleanor, you are young, and I pray you not to be too bitter. Try to keep your heart fresh, 'love your enemies,' 'bless them that curse you.'"

"I have been heated in the fires of grief, and plunged in the waters of want, until I am as hard as steel," responded Eleanor. "I only wish I was fashioned into a weapon of defense for 'unprotected females'—I would slay more than Sampson did with the jaw-bone of an ass. Perhaps I shall follow in the steps of Lucy Stone, and be known as a Reformer yet."

The mother looked curiously at her, and saw the gleam of a secret purpose irradiating her expressive face. Meeting the inquisitive look, she laughed—

"I shall sometime be a Daniel come to judgment. In the mean time, let us live upon the fruits of our labors: 'bean porridge, nine days old.' Philanthropic, dietetic males, would assure us it was a very wholesome, cheap, and nutritious food, especially adapted to the wants of sewing women!"

(To be continued.)

LOSING SIGHT OF NATURE.

WE never regretted any less loss than that of friends so deeply, as the loss of a certain June, which came and went unheeded, while we were racked with pain or wandering in the delirium of fever. It was May when we lost sight of Nature, and when the Fourth of July broke in thunder around the startled horizon, and it came upon us all at once that a whole beautiful June had passed forever away, and we had not seen a leaf or a flower, or heard a song, or shared an hour's gladness of all of it, that morning's loud rejoicing sounded like a

knell for the dead and gone, and we felt, what has since then been so accurately expressed, that out of our life,

"Something beautiful had vanish'd,
And we sigh'd for it in vain
We beheld it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never came again."

We felt that there was one year of our life with no June in it—a bankrupt year to the end of time.

Each new June is awaited more impatiently, and welcomed more warmly than its predecessor, either because the fewer they become, the more we love them, or because at this late day we are just beginning to prize them as we ought. Nothing weaker than relentless necessity, indeed, should drive us out of sight of Nature, and there never were truer words than those in a dialogue between "Irenæus" and "Tlepolemus," in an old number of Blackwood, where the latter declares that "the prizes of life, in general, are not worth the sacrifices paid for them." A man spends all his best days in London smoke, in the study of the law; he wriggles and bustles his way to the first place in the State, it may be to the Woolsack. Or, to take a stronger instance, he becomes a commercial millionaire: well, he goes into retirement at sixty; but I say that the poor curate of a hundred-a-year understands better the meanings of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, than such a man, and nothing that wealth can bring, can counterpoise such a source of enjoyment. Thus you can understand how I can afford to pity the man on the Woolsack, while the May-fly is on the waters. Were the sacrifice of Nature made for some great everlasting good, there would be some sense in it; for temporal and temporary advantages to make it, is consummate folly.

But, we ask ourselves, can it be true that "those who have not lived with Nature through this year's June, will never see another like it? for they will be older next year, and the sight and smell of lilac and hawthorn, and

the sound of the cuckoo and the black-bird, will have lost some bloom and freshness, and suffered for them some, however inappreciable, diminution in richness of melody."

Can it be that the touch of renewed Nature can not make us new again? That the song of the robin and the lark, and the household note of the sparrow, and the breath and blush of June roses, and the blue of June skies, lose something of their softness, and fragrance, and melody? That like old stereotyped plates, our minds and hearts get worn with frequent impressions? Do we turn into fossils with the passing years; old fossils, that, "time out of mind," showed the light pressure of the tiniest footstep, and the fallen leaf? Are we like those ledges of marble, whose tinted clouds and veins were colored by the flowers that faded and died upon them as if they had been altars of sacrifice, and whose painted lives filtered through the stone beneath, and stained it with the various glories of a perished June.

Far gone, indeed, must the thing be, for which even that month can do nothing. June, that can quicken the rough brown column of the great tree, rude with the knots that strike fire beneath the axe, until life runs to and fro in its wooden catacombs like a river, and it puts forth from arms that a chisel could not mortise, the tenderest of buds, that ravel out into the most delicate of leaves. Had not the phenomenon grown familiar to our eyes, we might about as soon expect that Pompey's Pillar would be covered with blossoms, a miracle, and *this* not awaken our special wonder? June, that can endow woods and waters with "the gift of tongues," and grace the rocks' gray breast with beauty, and invest the subsiding grave with life and loveliness; do men grow so much harder than rock, so much duller than the grave, that the summer can do nothing with them?

What village boy has forgotten the fragrant smell of the clean earth when April used to lift off the mantle of

snow? It was sweeter than the breath of violets. And what village boy has not "put his shoes from off his feet," as if the place whereon he stood was holy ground, and set his naked foot upon the naked earth, warm with the northward-coming sun? There was a luxury in it never enjoyed in after days, though those same feet may have rested in slippered ease upon silken foot-stools. It was the touch of earth that made him strong again. And this contact with nature we must have. No possession can supply its place; no acquisition atone for its loss; no other fountain lend such new and joyous life.

He who dwells in the city, whose horizons have sharp corners, and whose contemplations of the world are chiefly "at second hand," if not at a still greater remove, is like the sailor on the sea, where the blue water indicates that he is beyond soundings, and there is no cry of "land" from the mast-head. But when in the middle-watch sometimes, there comes to him on the night air, the smell of earth with its strange, sweet blending of well-remembered odors, he feels like his comrade in the ballad of the "Gulf Stream,"

"When he saw a yellow butterfly
Blown through the summer air,
It lighted upon the compass-box,
And the sailor's eye grew dim,
And his winged thoughts flew far away,
Beyond the horizon's rim.

"Again in the meadow broad and green,
On a holiday in June,
He heard the drowsy humble bees
Singing their quiet tune,
And he watch'd the elm-tree's shadow grow,
In the waning afternoon,"

and in that moment he is repaid for the peril of a hundred storms. But he is more fortunate than the citizen by "business bound," who never gets out of hearing of the boatswain's whistle, and never comes ashore; never anchors in the calm and quiet harbor of the country.

There are thousands of men upon whom each Spring, loiter as she may, "steals a march," and some day they look up from the ledger, and to their astonishment the tree that shivered

and rattled its dry, dark limbs in the March rains, a suppliant before the window, is rustling in a garment of living green, whose brodered sleeves sweep the eaves, as the wearer claps its hands for joy. June has come to them, as if in a night, and they have lost all the beauty and the glory of Spring's "royal progress," all the sermons that were said, all the songs that were sung, all past unheeded—past beyond recall.

They deal in grain when it begins to rattle up and down the great warehouse in wooden arteries; they own it when it drifts like snow amidst the murmur of the mills, but they seldom see it when it grows green upon the dark acres; when it salutes the passing morning with sabers more supple than true Toledos; when in yellow ranges it stands beneath the harvest moon; when it ripples in the wind, a golden sea. The farmer's boys and girls have had the beauty of it all, before it reached their hands. Such men resemble him who sees the bird when dead and "bagged," with ruffled plumage and closed eyes; and never when full of life and motion, and glistening in the sun, it whirls up and flashes away like a cluster of winged gems. The sportsman has had the glow of action, has given body and soul an airing, has gladdened his eyes, and lighted his heart, and educated his hand, and thrown off a dozen pounds of care,—that "old man of the sea;" while his friend, who could not leave the town, has only the dead bird to bless himself with.

The "prizes" men seek,—nay, struggle for, even unto death,—are not worth what it costs to win them. In the novel, "Ernest Carroll," it is said of Professor Asa Gray, and though in a novel, we believe it to be true, "that he declined lecturing before some lyceum, on account of the inroads such engagements made upon his studies and habits of thought. The applicant for his services assured him he should be liberally paid. "That is no inducement to me," was the re-

ply, "*I can not afford to waste my time in making money.*"

Were we to say it is not well to make money, and affect to despise it, it would only be telling that, individually, we are in want of it; but without making such disclosure we can say, that high as money rules in the market, there are some things that are more precious than fine gold, and among them are a cheerful spirit, a love of Nature, and a heart to be grateful for each new June. As it is, there are men everywhere who, when they put off childhood, put off the love of Nature, and have been wandering farther and farther away from her precincts; whose ears, dead to the melodies that need not be listened to in white gloves, have become deserted paths along which the old light footfalls are never heard; whose eyes, turned away from field and forest, like windows, are dim with dust and woven over with the dark webs of care. And if at any time they strive to break through the heavy walls of "business," it proves true of them, as of the poor sailor of the ballad, whose heart went ashore for a while,

"But the boatswain's whistle, strange and shrill,
Is sounding in their ears,
And their thoughts come back from their pilgrimage
Of more than two-score years."

and they resume the ceaseless watch that is never relieved till death.

B. F. T.

SOPHIE'S INFLUENCE.

BY FANNY TRUE.

"**W**ILL you be kind enough to write my name for me, in the center of this white square? I'm sorry to trouble you to do it, but my eyes are dim, and I can not do it nicely myself."

"Certainly," we replied; "so you are piecing a quilt;" and we took the album-square from her hand.

"Oh no, it's for Mary Lyman's wedding-quilt. She wants all the neighbors to contribute a square of their own dress-pieces, to remind her

of old friends when she is married, and goes West; so I found this commenced among poor Sophie's things; it's her work, so I thought I'd just finish it."

"It's a beautiful square," we remarked; "what a pretty harmony between this buff and blue."

"Yes, that buff was Sophie's dress, and it was so becoming to her, and"—the old lady turned abruptly from us, as though some startling thing claimed her attention at the window.

Too well we understood the interpretation of this movement, so we quietly took the patchwork, and went up to our room for pen and ink to render the simple service.

Sophie was a stranger to us. We had never known her while living, and never seen her, save what the little wan, but cherished miniature on the parlor-table revealed to us of her form and features. But we knew her before long—knew her by a thousand little nameless associations and memories, that clustered around the old-farm-house, wherever her light hand touched into graceful beauty, climbing vine, or drooping curtain.

Whether we wandered up into the dim old garret, where stood the spinning-wheel, still and useless, and the broad, old cradle, dusty and untenanted, or pierced into the deep, dark closets, where hung the drapery that had clothed her light figure, there was an ever-present sense of hallowed memory of the lost one before us. All about the little parlor were living mementoes, in the worsted lamp-mats, sketchings, scrap-book, and album.

Four years ago they laid her to sleep in the church-yard, and the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner, ticked ceaselessly away the hours, one by one, but still that sense of loneliness remained. The little low lounge by the window was vacant; there was now no Sophie, with her sewing basket and cheerful face, to occupy it, but the mother sewed on alone; and when the Sabbath morning came, and good Father Sawyer drove to the side

door, with "little Kate," in the family chaise, there was no Sophie with her kind hands, to shape the mother's bonnet, and adjust her shawl, preparatory to church-going!

We felt like walking very softly when we went into the sitting-room, and sat down by the grieving mother, to whose heart her child's loss was ever like a fresh-opened grave. We wanted to cover it with soft mosses, and sweet flowers; any thing that should awaken a simile of the angel life she had entered upon.

But the great bereavement clouded every consolation, and we could only go out from her presence with a prayer at our heart, that He whose hand had stricken, might be the one to bless and cheer her bowed soul.

There are many homes in this wide world, that owe their most refining influences to these tender associations, linked with departed ones. And that faith is beautiful and divine, that looks uncomplainingly up to God, blessing him for the bright brief life, that makes Heaven a dearer place,—a home!

HOW "THE LIONS" LOOK.

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow, like a good-natured beef-eater. Holmes, like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher, a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier, the most retiring of Quakers. Not one of these can be called handsome, except it is Mr. Beecher, who *might be* a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, in her prime, was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is said to be so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks

like a man. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Frances O. Osgood had a lovely, *womanly* face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite lovely. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. Madame de Stael was a fright, but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Langdon, pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in physique is angular, she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a Grecian temple. Charlotte Bronte had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. Shakspeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; Goldsmith and Pope were very homely featured. Addison was tolerably handsome, and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked rather ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay is homely. Bulwer, nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is *called* handsome, but covered with jewelry, he looks like a blackleg or jockey.

THE philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt for money, does not run very deep; for, indeed, it ought to be still more clear to the philosopher than it is to the ordinary man, that there are few things of greater importance. And so manifold are the bearings of money upon the lives and character of mankind, that an insight which would search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations, would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature.

A LIE may struggle through existence, says Dr. Spooner, as a blackguard edges his way, by dint of bullying, through a crowd; but the truth, however abused for a time, will live forever.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

THEY say there always are men for every emergency. Let a great crisis come, and the man to meet and master it is found ready and waiting for the work. These "representative men" have immense influence. Sometimes, under their magic spell, the masses brighten into an excellence which seems their own; they are raised into a momentary beauty of character which they can not long sustain.

Last night the moon was at the full; there had been a shower. Every leaf and flower, fountain, river, or muddy pool, alike reflected its image. It shone as bright in the bosom of the gutter as of the pure marble basin of the fountain. All things looked bright and beautiful; the whole earth glittered in light. So we have seen humanity transfused with the power of one burning, noble soul. While that soul spoke and moved, all men grew better: liberty, religion, enthusiasm, seemed the instincts of every breast which heaved beneath its power. Its image was as bright upon the face of the clown as upon that of the philosopher. It seemed as if the great common surface of society was of molten diamonds—only give it a chance to shine out!

Alas! when the light was withdrawn, all things took back their real character. The face of the sot was again besotted; dirt and brutality came forth again; the calm brows of real purity were again solitary in their brightness.

This is the reason that men are so often disappointed in the results to humanity of a great movement. They see it transfused with their own spirit, and they rate it higher than it deserves. They trust the interests of liberty and goodness and other high things to it, and their trust is outraged. Nevertheless, it is well to hope, and to labor, and to have faith. Sometime these things will deceive no more. So all earnest hearts believe; and it can hardly be that all their intuitions are false.

ROSES.

"Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls."

The rose is the natural emblem of woman-

hood. A rose, in the full flush and freshness of its morning beauty, is the ideal and perfection of flowers; it satisfies our utmost dream of what a blossom should be; it is sweet, it is bright, it is modest and yet glowing, dainty and yet superb, its essence diffuses both spiritual delight and passionate pleasure. It has almost the gentleness of the violet; all the brilliancy of dahlias without their pride and want of soul. It is not so heavenly as the lily. That snowy flower is fit to image those spiritual natures which only bloom here, to be early transplanted to a more steadfast and resplendent clime. But a woman—a true woman—in the beauty and joy of her youth, her face sweet with bloom, her thoughts perfumed with love—she may pluck the loveliest rose that ever grew, and triumphantly adorn her bosom with it, safe that she will not suffer in the comparison. It is but an emblem and expression of character—one of those likenesses which may be traced by delicate perceptions all through the natural and spiritual world.

GROWTH AND DECAY.

It is a sad law of the world as it is that all life and progress must come from decay. Scarcely more swiftly do the buds and foliage of this spring blossom out of the dust and mould of last autumn's scattered wealth of vegetation, than one family rises upon another, occupying the homes of those who have fallen into the graves. The grandmother of to-day, at whom the young girl looks with mingled sadness and veneration—sadness that she is so soon to go away from those that love her, and veneration for her wisdom and experience of those untried paths into which *she* is just stepping—was the bride but a little, little time ago. Brief enough it seems to her as she reviews it. The cherished child grows up and marries; her children occupy her soul and time—the old family ties are necessarily broken, *never* to be reunited. *Never!* what a mournful word. It is the *new* family now. Another generation, crowding the last out of the familiar pathways and firesides of the world. No room for all. We say good-by to them; they leave us their place; our children will

say good-by to us, and we, too, will soon follow. There is deep sadness in the thought; but out of the very depth of the grief and necessity springs the hope and glory of the resurrection. God, being the father of us all, shall we not sometime all be gathered together beneath His loving eye?

SOME PEOPLES' EYES.

There are a great many other ways of seeing besides "through a glass, darkly." Some people always wear magnifying glasses; and these are of the kind who are friends of Baron Munchausen—reduce their wonderful histories two-thirds, and they will assume their proper proportions. This is not so much from a desire to exaggerate or to give false impressions, as from a defect of the mental and moral vision. But there is a more serious defect still, of an opposite nature. There are a class of persons who see through contractive instead of expansive lenses; to whom all the virtues of their neighbors look so small that, to hear them speak, you would doubt if there was any possible good to be detected in anybody. If these persons should wear spectacles compounded of the sand of charity and the ashes of self-distrust, burnt clear in the fire of love to their kind, it would be the best possible remedy for their deformity. Then there is a smaller class who have such a queer obliquity of vision that nothing ever strikes them as it does others; they go crookedly, not from willfulness, but from following their own noses too pertinaciously. And there are also those who "see double"—some, habitually, others only semi-occasionally. This terrible calamity comes from looking through the wrong kind of glasses, and can only be averted by avoiding the source of danger.

THE JOY OF THE NATURAL WORLD.

We should think the young maple-trees before our door were coming up under the special training of a dancing-master. You ought to see them to-day! bowing and bending, waving their arms, with such grace and abandon of motion—laughing and murmuring all the time, sweetly, to each other, and clapping their hands for very lightness at the kiss of the warm June wind. The roses, too, are at the same play; swinging

themselves, nodding to each other, and dancing the most ethereal dances. If it is wicked to dance and be happy, how sinful they must be! May the grace of acting out their own natures not be charged to them as a sin is, our prayer. Ah! what a superb courtesy that red rose made, at that moment, to the white one! *Voila!* 'tis beautiful!

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Everybody must speak for himself. Standards vary. There was an old lady, who told her grand-daughter, who was weeping because she did not have a gold tea-kettle among her bridal presents, that when *she* began life, "she had only a dish-kettle—a body could do a great deal with a dish-kettle, if she only thought so." Miss Flora, who has just left for her summer tour among the various fashionable watering-places, gives us the following idea of what *she* considers happiness:

FIRST PICTURE.

Oh, dear-a-me, dear-a-me, dear!
Mamma, I'll never survive!
It is so hot and crowded here,
I'm far more dead than alive.
We are up three flights of stairs,
In a room eight by eleven—
And this is what Belle Browne declares
Is "being in the third heaven!"

We've brought nine trunks with us,
Pack'd with the greatest care—
Our lovely things are all in a muss,
And not a peg to spare!
There's a crease in every "jupe,"
Tissue, and moire, and lace;
And I never can expand my hoop
In this contracted place.

No! I never can, I say!
For my hoop is ten feet wide,
And the room is only eight one way,
With a bed in it beside.
The sun glares down so hot,
My face is like a beet;
Still this is called "a charming spot"—
This "sea-side, cool retreat!"

I suppose the ocean's near—
I do not hear it roar—
I wish that, from this window here,
I could gaze upon the shore.
But at the proper hour,
I suppose we'll walk about,
And see the tide come driving in,
And the men go driving out.

There's the first dinner-bell!
I never shall get dress'd!
I might have worn a chintz as well,
This is so squeezed and press'd—

How are my braids, mamma?
Are my bretelles all right?
They say De Spanell's coming—la!
I look a perfect fright!

There's one thing nice for all—
The dinner and the band,
And every night a dance, or ball,
Or drive—you understand.
If it were not for the heat,
And the crowd—one don't know who!
And the rooms—this place would be so sweet—
Say, mamma, will I do?

Miss Lucy, who *always* lives in the country, summer and winter, and who never came "to town" but once or twice in her life, who irons her own best dress, and scents it with lavender and dried rose-leaves, has also afforded us a glimpse at the quality of her enjoyments, which are of a different order:

SECOND PICTURE.

I will rest here, half-way up the hill,
Where all is so cool, and bright, and still;
The light clouds over the heavens pass,
And their shadows over the rippling grass.
I am the happiest of happy girls,
As the soft wind blows my careless curls,
And I sit here under the chestnut-tree,
Waiting for one who is coming to me.
I wonder if Robin will like me so?
My dress is as smooth and white as snow;
And this blue ribbon around my waist
Is on purpose to please his lively taste.
He'll ask what blossoms grow here about,
But never the innocent trick find out—
I've sprinkled my bosom as thick as can be,
With leaves of rose, and pink, and sweet pea.
Oh, how I love this beautiful world!
The golden moss at my feet is curl'd—
The squirrel laughs in the chestnut-tree,
As he tumbles the rough burs down on me.
The violets look like infants' eyes—
My heart yearns after the sacred skies;
The lilies blow at the south-wind's touch—
And Robin, he loves me! ah, so much!
My home at the foot of the hill doth lie,
There live father, and mother, and I—
Robin he praises my sun-lit curls,
And I'm the happiest of happy girls!

PREACHING.

It's so agreeable to preach and so difficult to practice, it is scarcely wonderful that the former is so much more popular. Our ministers preach to us, and we preach to our children; and the whole civilized world is so overflowing with beautiful sentiments and generous expressions, it would seem as if human nature could not help being all that is good and lovely. If we would only act as

many pretty and wise things as we talk, what shining lights we should be. When our friends get into trouble, we are certain that if we were in their place, we should do *thus* and *so* and get ourselves out of it; we are sorry for them, still, we can scarcely pity them, for, really, they need not have got in so unfortunate a condition. If they have misfortunes, how clearly we see how they might have been averted. We tell our little ones that they must not be passionate, nor selfish, nor fretful, nor in any way faulty. Our good ministers tell us we must not love money, nor the world, nor vain shows—that one coat at a time is sufficient, and that humility and self-denial, with charity, are the chief graces. We acknowledge the truth, while we inly wonder at and admire the late style of his neck-tie and the splendor and fashion of his church. We tell our poor friends that riches are unfortunate things, and to be restricted in means, is promotive of some of the highest traits of the Christian character; we would not call forth those same traits in our own character by denying ourselves to assist them, because—well, because we would be selfishly depriving them of the benefits of this most excellent discipline.

The lilies preach, and the dandelions, the grass and the mountains, the stars and the oceans, but it is by their life, silently. Occasionally we see a man or a woman who preaches after this manner; or, better still, something, even though far short of its perfection, after the manner of Christ, both by life and active persuasion.

SYMPATHY.

Longfellow, in his exquisite rhythm, says:

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings,
And whispers in its song,
'Where hast thou stay'd so long?'"

It is the consciousness of this sympathy that makes life tolerable, even in our darkest hours of affliction or depression. It is only at times that the demon of despair whispers, "No hope!" but the heart rebels at this as soon as it recovers itself.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

WE intend to be very cool in our intercourse with our large household, for the present; we shall give nothing but recipes for ice-creams and such other chilling aid and consolation as presents itself under the circumstances. Now is the time to arise early, and set every door and window of the house open, have the sweeping and dusting done before breakfast, the dessert, whatever it is, prepared for dinner, and set away in the cellar or refrigerator; and all other work, which it is possible to have done early, out of the way. Then, before the air is heated and full of dust, close every blind, except some window in a shaded spot, where the breeze, if there be any, can wander at will, and where there is light enough for sewing, reading, or such other light occupation as may serve to help the languid hours roll away. By these precautions, and by avoiding, as much as possible, the getting around of heavy or extra work, the months of July and August may pass in comparative comfort to the housekeeper. The house will retain something of its morning coolness through the middle of the day; and when the shadows of the afternoon grow long, it may be again thrown open. Dress the children in loose as well as light garments. Expect them to fret a little more than usual, and punish them for it with strawberries, cool baths, and occasional kisses; at night, bathe their weary little limbs with bay-rum, whiskey, salt and water, or some other refreshing and strengthening thing. Do not cook nor eat rich, heavy dinners. Eat little meat, and much *fresh, well-ripened* fruits and vegetables. Paper bags, folded over at the seam, so that nothing can crawl through, are just as safe a protection from moths as any other more expensive thing. Blankets, petticoats, coats, and other large garments can be well-shaken and tied up in bundles, securely wrapped in paper. Do not let household cares press more heavily than is absolutely necessary; let things which are burdensome remain undone until the frosts of autumn bring strength and energy.

LEMONADE.—Take good lemons, roll them; then cut and squeeze them into a pitcher. Add loaf sugar and cold water, till it makes a pleasant drink. It should be sweet; it is sometimes too acid to be agreeable. Send round in small glasses with handles, or tumblers a little more than half full. The best drink for parties.

ORANGEADE.—This is made in the same manner as lemonade.

SIMPLE DESSERTS FOR SUMMER.—Take six eggs, and beat them separately. With the yolks, a quart of milk, sugar, essence of lemon, or rosewater, make a custard. Beat the whites very stiff; have ready a kettle of boiling water, with a skimmer; dip in slices of the whites just long enough to harden; then lay them on a sieve till cold; put the custard into a dish, and crisp and put the whites lightly over the top. Set on the ice, if convenient, till wanted.

ANOTHER.—Put plain boiled rice into a mould; when cold, turn it out, and pour soft custard over it.

BLANC MANGE.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces, and wash well. Pour on a pint of boiling water, next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, and sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn in the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blanc mange, and dress around with syllabub, or whip-cream.

COLD CUSTARD.—Soak a piece of rennet in wine, and you will be able to have a custard at any time without eggs or cooking it. Sweeten and flavor a quart of sweet rich milk; if you like, add a little salt. Then stir in a spoonful or two of the rennet wine, and turn into cups. When it is thick like a rice custard, grate over a little nutmeg, and you will have a delicate custard.

SNOW CUSTARD.—Make a rich custard: eight eggs to a quart of new milk; a gill of sweet cream; a little salt; and flavored with lemon, nutmeg, orange, or rose water; boil until just thick, and lay in a dessert or pud-

ding dish, with a whip over the whole. Serve as you would a pudding.

CORN STARCH BLANC MANGE.—Dissolve three table-spoonfuls of corn starch in new milk; heat a pint of new milk nearly boiling hot, then pour in the starch, stir it briskly, and boil for three minutes. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

SNOW CREAM.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth; and stir in two spoonfuls of white sugar; flavor with rose water or lemon; add a pint of thick sweet cream; and beat the whole together, to a froth. This is to be served with a dessert of sweetmeats.

WHIP CREAM.—Take a pint and a half of cream; the whites of three eggs; white sugar to your taste; and a part of the juice of a lemon; then whip it with a whisk, made of a bunch of quills, or in a whip churn; flavor with the rind of grated lemon or rose water; and as the foam rises, lay it into jelly glasses. If preferred, the glass may be half filled with jelly, and the whip poured over it.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of thick cream; the yolks of two eggs well-beaten; a cup of white sugar; and the rind of a lemon cut thin; boil it up; then stir it until almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish, and pour the cream upon it, stirring well until cold. Serve in a large glass dish, or in custard cups, either alone or with sweetmeats.

STRAWBERRIES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Take equal weights of the fruit and double-refined sugar; lay the former in a large dish, and sprinkle half the sugar in fine powder over; give a gentle shake to the dish, that the sugar may touch the under side of the fruit; next day make a thin syrup with the remainder of the sugar, and instead of water, allow one pint of red-currant juice to every pound of strawberries; in this simmer them until sufficiently jellied; choose the largest scarlets or others, when not dead ripe; they eat well served in thin cream in glasses.

COCOA-NUT PIE.—Grate the white part, and mix with milk. Let it boil slowly eight or ten minutes. To a pint and a half of cocoa-nut add a quart of milk; four eggs; half a cup of sweet cream; two spoonfuls of melted butter; a cracker rolled fine; and

half a nutmeg. The cocoa-nut should cool before the eggs and sugar are stewed in. Bake in a deep plate, in a quick oven.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Pulp six ounces of strawberry jam, with a pint of cream, through a sieve; add to it the juice of a lemon; whisk it fast at the edge of a dish; lay the froth on a sieve; add a little more juice of lemon, and when no more froth will rise, put the cream into a dish, or into glasses, and place the froth upon it, well-drained.

Here is a *melange* of good things, for which our readers will say thanks:

A SUPERB LEMON PUDDING.—Half a pound of sugar; five eggs; half a pound of best butter; one glass of rose water; one lemon; one glass orange-flower water. Beat the rose water and butter to a froth; prepare the sugar and eggs as for pound cake; grate the yellow part of the lemon-rind in (but not a particle of white); have a nice puff-paste ready in your dish, and, after incorporating the pudding well together, pour it into your paste. Bake in a moderate oven. Orange pudding is made in the same way, using a pounded orange instead of a lemon.

LOAF PUDDING.—Tie up a pound loaf o baker's bread in a cloth, and put it into boiling water with considerable salt in it, and boil it an hour and a half. Eat with cold sauce.

ICE CURRANTS.—Take large bunches of ripe currants, have them clean, whisk the white of an egg to a froth, and dip them in it; lay them on a sieve or plate not to be touched; sift double refined sugar over them very thick, and dry them in a cool oven.

COCOA-NUT DROPS.—Take the white meat of a cocoa-nut, and grate it; the whites of four eggs; half a pound of white sugar; a teaspoonful essence of lemon; make a batter, drop on buttered paper, and bake.

FRUIT IN JELLY.—Put in a basin half a pint of calf's-foot jelly; and when it has become stiff, lay in a bunch of grapes, stalks upward; over this put a few vine leaves, and fill up the bowl with warm jelly; let it stand till next day, and then set the bowl in warm water up to the brim for a moment, then turn out carefully. It is a very elegant-looking dish.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE really is not very much change from last summer in this season's styles. Organdies, tissues, and other thin fabrics are almost exclusively in double skirts, which, being of a robe pattern, do not need other trimming. Fringe and gathered ribbon are the favorite trimmings for sleeves, &c. Sometimes the pattern has stripes which can be gathered in the place of ribbon, and quilled on a cord at each side, or the edge doubled under. Dresses are still cut square across the bosom, and high on the shoulder; the trimming runs around the top of the body, to correspond with the sleeves. A thin dress, made in this manner, with a lace under handkerchief or tucker, forms a cool dress, entirely suitable for the street, or calling. Sleeves are made as full and flowing as ever, with various manners of setting them into the body. Puffs at the top are not much worn. Caps, divided in the center, pointed, and laced together with a small cord and tassel, are one style of ornament. Double sleeves, to correspond with the double skirts, are also made. Mantles are in a thousand different styles of trimming, but the universal color, as last season, is black: the proportions full in the lower half, to sit gracefully over the undiminished volume of crinoline. Black silk dusters and raglans, fringed, and trimmed with rows of velvet, are very becoming, for a plain style. Lace is the favorite trimming, flounced on to a silk body, which comes a little below the waist. Lace mantles, circular and shawl shapes, are beautiful, and worn by those who can afford them. Bonnets are changed considerably in their shape; the crown being large and flat; and being made soft and drooping, in crape and other light materials. A bow, or small bunch of flowers, or both, exactly at the center of the front, upon the outside, and mingling both with the outer and inside trimming, is the season's speciality. The outer trimming, whether of flowers or ribbon, then runs back from this down around the top of the cape. For young girls, or to wear out over a handsome dress to an evening gathering, concert, or the like, nothing is prettier than the mantles of white barege;

they are simple, and inexpensive. They can be made at home by neat fingers, as they are only quilled about with the trimming of the same, tied with a silk cord and tassel; a tassel likewise depends from the hood. Or, get a square of double-width barege, and enough sewing-silk fringe, four or six inches wide, in some delicate color,—pink, blue, or lilac,—to edge it; sew it on, and you have a graceful and pretty outside garment for the very warm weather. No especial shade or color appears to have won the pre-eminence this season, in bonnets or dresses.

—Everybody is going to the country—that is, everybody who can afford it. Once it was not so very expensive a thing to pack up and away to the old farm. Now, however, it is preparing for a voyage;—six trunks, four boxes, twelve parcels and baskets, and six carpet bags of “sundries”—all for a family of three or four persons. Extra “comforts,” must be provided, as “the country” furnishes *nothing but* pure milk, sweet white bread, fresh vegetables, and healthy meat, all of which are well enough in their way, but the idea of *gentility* living upon these! So the anxious head of the house must resolve himself into a committee of arrangements, and must provide a few wines, a few cases of French preparations, sweet and otherwise—must leave his business for a day, every three or four days, to see if the family are well provided for, every time carrying as many luxuries with him as his money and strength will allow—must not fail to pay the milliner's bill of one hundred dollars, for articles furnished for “country wear,” &c., &c. *This* is modern going into the country! Oh, for the good old team, and good old wagon, with the dear old grandpa to drive—for warm hearts and check aprons, waiting at the bars, to welcome us to their *real* hospitality and happy home! Oh, for the freedom of unrestraint, which knows no truckling to “appearances,” and spurns all efforts to check the growth of the home-sentiment! Fashion and Folly are making sad inroads upon the simple tastes of days gone by. A few there are who still love those things that are simple and pure;—let them hold on

to the faith in them, that the example be not forever lost or spurned in this ceaseless, feverish pursuit of the fictitious and the new!

— The present number of the Magazine is what we shall try to make every succeeding number of "The Home,"—full of varied and interesting articles from the best female writers of the periodical press, viz:—Mrs. Bostwick, Alice Cary, Mrs. Barritt, Mrs. Halbert, Phoebe Cary, Clara Augusta, Miss Mary Short, &c., &c. Besides whom, there is a promise of very fine things from the pens of those gentlemen who already have favored us with their labors. We may, therefore, hope to present our readers with a volume which shall merit their hearty co-operation, in extending the influence and the circulation of the Magazine.

— The series of papers, "A String of Good Things," will commence with the August number. The "Talk with Young Mothers," we had hoped to have for this issue. In consequence of the author's pre-occupation, it will not be ready, in all probability, before the September number of "The Home." It will extend through several numbers.

— One of the pleasant features of city life is a walk up and down Broadway, seeing persons and things nowhere else to be seen—hearing things nowhere else to be heard. On a clear day the great thoroughfare is one great crowd, half rushing up on the outside of the walk—half moving down on the side next to the stores. What faces, and dresses, and actions meet us! It is here you see almost every nationality on the earth represented, and here you read the moral, intellectual, and physical lessons of our own nationality and individuality. Hence it is, this street has become a kind of plaza of thought and remark, among all people. It is *not* that it is in New York, but because it is what it is—a feature of the Western World and its civilization, which commands attention. We shall take a stroll up this street, some of these days, from the Astor House to Union Square, just to remark upon some of the leading features of this thoroughfare of palaces, peoples, and peculiarities—all for the benefit and interest of those readers who may never have had the pleasure of a

visit to inspect and improvise *exclamatory* poetry for themselves.

— A ministerial friend relates the following as among his "experiences:" A poor, and naturally pious, though rather ignorant woman, had lost her husband by death—and receiving a visit of condolence from the minister, she entered pretty fully into a detail of her feelings of loneliness and grief, in her widowed condition. She said she found herself going back and forth, wandering about the house all day long, from garret to cellar—now looking into the room where her poor, dear husband died, then trying to divert her mind by doing "chores" about the house, and then again, going to the good Book for consolation. She was, she said, a poor lone woman—and she couldn't help thinking all day long of that very touching passage of Scripture—in the Book of Lamentations she believed it was—which hit her case exactly: "*Goosey, Goosey, Gander, where will you wander?*"

This poor old soul was just as wise as some other folks. Thus, Hon. Waddy Thompson, late Minister to Mexico, in his "Recollections" of that country, speaking of the Hospital of Lazarus, says: "The inmates would have rivalled, in sores and rags, *the brother of Mary and Martha.*"

And so of Governor H. A. Wise, of Virginia; in a recent letter to Hon. David Hubbard, explanatory of his political preferences and experiences, he says: "The Reubens have tried to sell me into Egypt for my dreaming." Whereupon the New York *Express* says: "The Governor has reference, doubtless, to the story of Joseph being sold into Egypt—but, unfortunately, he has got it all wrong. Reuben, it so happens, was the only one of the brothers who did *not* want to sell him. The Governor should join a Bible-class right off, and let Goggin go."

It must be confessed that the Good Book is not always correctly *apprehended* by politicians!

— One of the most pleasant items of literary news comes from Berlin, Prussia. It refers to the discoveries of the celebrated scholar, Professor Tischendorf, of Leipsic, who is now in Egypt, at the expense of the Prussian Government, searching for manu-

scripts and other valuable relics of ancient literature. A letter from him, addressed to the Saxon Minister of Public Instruction, dated March 15, has just appeared in a Leipzig paper, announcing some important discoveries. The principal prize is a manuscript of the Bible, of the fourth century—that is, as old as the famous Vatican MS. which has recently made so much noise. This, unless Tischendorf is mistaken in its value, will partly deprive the one in Rome of the honor in which it has hitherto been held as the oldest and most precious. The newly-found volume consists of three hundred and forty-five parchment leaves, as large as can be made at the rate of two to a gazelle skin, and contains most of the Prophets, the Psalter, the book of Job, Jesus son of Sirach, Wisdom of Solomon, and other of the Old Testament Apocryphal books; but the most important fact is, that it contains the New Testament entire. This must be regarded as one of the most important discoveries in the world of letters and theology that has transpired in this century. We love to chronicle such items. This MS. will be given to the public as soon as it can be properly printed.

—The following scene took place lately in one of our religious book stores:

Ragged boy (with taste for startling literature)—"I want a copy of the Revengeful Rover of the Remorseless Reef; or—"

Clerk—"We haven't got it, my son!"

Boy—"Haven't got it? Haven't got the Revengeful Rover? How do you expect to make a living if you don't keep up with the literature of the day?"

And the ragged boy rushed out and bought a copy of the "most popular newspaper of the day." It may be remarked, as a fact, that more than half the New York "popular" papers are taken by the boys and girls of the land. What a sad comment on the indiscretion of parents.

—Dr. Charles Mackay is about to commence the publication of a paper in London, and has engaged several Americans to contribute to its columns. The doctor has just finished a new poem, in six cantos, entitled, "A Man's Heart," which will soon appear. The Messrs. Harper are about to publish, in

a handsome volume, Mackay's new work on America, the early sheets of which they have already received.

—Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.—Talking of the "old lady" reminds us of a rival of hers now living in Lancaster, Ohio. She is, withal, a worthy woman of property and "position," having had, in her younger days, a "train" and servants to bear it. She has a majestic way of ordering her little ebony servant to "Vanquish!" which insures the obeying of her order. She says she "thinks cream and sugar are the most potmetical parts of the tea; they take off the cayenne and make it taste much more epitate." Great was her alarm the other day while expecting a brother from the East. Chancing to take up a paper, she exclaimed, "Oh dear! there's been a terrible storm at sea! all the vessels were turned upside down! oh dear! but Charley's in no danger, for he's coming all the way in a coachee by land." The good soul was holding the newspaper bottom upwards, and the pictures of the ships in the sailing advertisements it was which had excited her commiseration and alarm! Mr. Shillaber must look to his laurels.

—The steel-plate engraving for this present number will please. It tells a story of home happiness and health, which is refreshing in these days of sickly children. The publisher has in store two or three others for the present volume which can not fail to satisfy the patrons of the Magazine.

—It is proposed to continue the biographical sketches, with or without portraits, which have been a feature in past volumes. One will be given in our next.

—We find it impossible to use all the matter which finds its way to our drawer. Where stamps are remitted the matter is returned, if it is not accepted for use. Where stamps are not remitted the MS. is held subject to order. Among those contributions so held, are: "Memories of Thee;" "Life's Glory and its Shame;" "Grave and Gay Sketches;" "My Pretty Cousin;" "The Smith Family;" "Hope;" "Meeting and

Parting;" "A Guess at the Truth;" "The Star I Love," etc., etc. Some of these are good, but are faulty in the minor matters of punctuation, capitals, precision of expression, etc.,—none of which have we the time or patience to correct. It is useless for young contributors to ask us to prepare their matter for the press; if it is not properly "prepared" when it comes to our hands, it must pass to the rejected drawer—our time is worth too much to be spent upon such unnecessary tasks. We hope this will be borne in mind, that we may not be under the necessity of repeating it by letter to those who prefer the request for "the favor."

BOOK NOTICES.

Books for the month are numerous, notwithstanding it is the dull season. Almost every publisher has his several announcements. Derby & Jackson have brought out "Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," by Henry Ward Beecher, with a second series of "Star Papers," by the same author, both of which are having a very large sale. The first-named work is made up entirely of articles contributed, years ago, by Mr. B., to the "Western Gardener and Farmer," published at Indianapolis. They show a thorough theoretical, as well as practical acquaintance with the subject, as refreshing as it is surprising, in a gentleman of the pulpit. The second work comprises, chiefly, the papers contributed by Mr. B. to the "N. Y. Independent," and are characterized with the spirit and force of Mr. Beecher's sermonizing. Derby & Jackson has also just brought out "Acadia," by Fred'k. S. Cozzens (Mr. Sparrowgrass). It is a record, humorous and otherwise, of a visit to the Acadia which Longfellow's "Evangeline" has immortalized in letters. The same publishers have in press, and will issue in August, "Miss Slimmins' Window, and other Papers," by the author of the "Tallow Family in America,"—a gathering of humorous contributions to "Godey," to be beautifully illustrated with designs by Howard. "Sparks from a Locomotive," by the author of

"Belle Brittain's Letters," is to issue in July. It will comprise Col. Fuller's Letters written home during his recent trip to London, Paris, and Rome.

"Mabel, or Heart Histories," by Rosella Rice, from the press of Follet, Foster & Co., Columbus, O., is as fine a specimen of typography as we have seen for a year. The work is marked with pathos and life, but is so overburdened with character and incident, as to confuse and weary the reader. That the author has ample ability to write for those who think, and those who feel, is evident, and we trust the effort will not be wanting.

"The Cavalier: an Historical Novel," by G. P. R. James, is from the prolific press of Peterson & Bros. The work was contributed by the author to a Philadelphia paper, and, it is advertised, one thousand six hundred and eighty dollars paid for it. It is the same old story, however, which Mr. J. has repeated now for the twentieth time, only a change of names and times. These preposterous sums paid to foreign authors by our publishers—to Thackeray, Dickens, and others—had much better have been given to those American authors who can write with entire acceptance to the American public. *Qr.*: Do any of our readers know of a person who actually has read Thackeray's "Virginians," for which "Harper's Monthly" paid five thousand dollars? Such a person would be a curiosity. We never have met with any one who has had the patience to wade through the almost interminable platitudes of the English satirist.

"The New and the Old; or, California and India in Romantic Aspects," by J. W. Palmer, M. D., is just issued by Rudd & Carleton. It is a most admirable volume, made up of the author's experience in California in 1849, and in the East India Company's service since then.

"The Ladies' Hand-Book of Fancy and Ornamental Work," compiled by Miss Florence Hartley, and published by J. W. Bradley, Phila., is a gathering of designs and directions for needlework of all descriptions. The designs are well engraved, thus giving the worker a palpable assistant.